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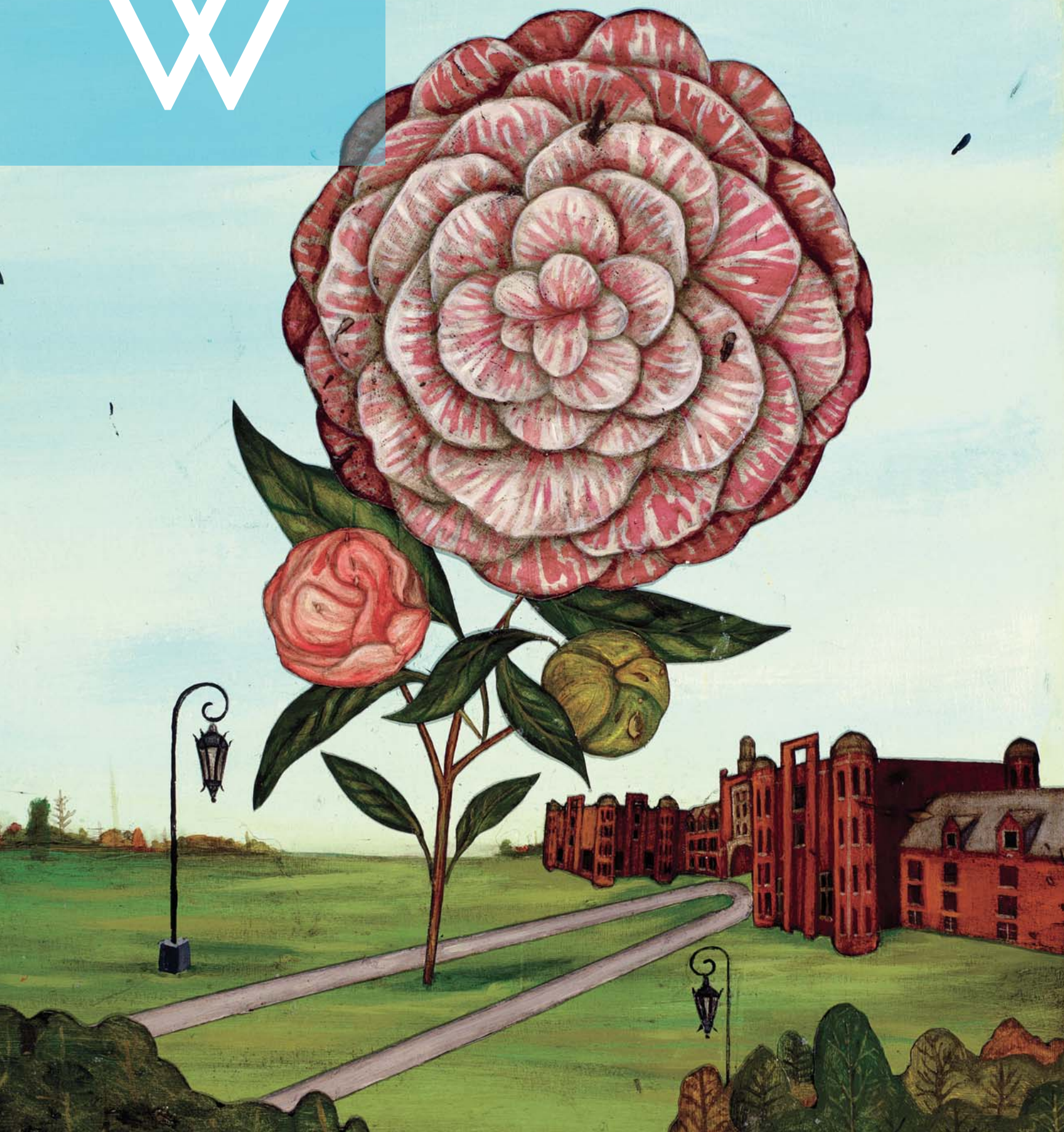
Wellesley College Alumnae Association

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Students waiting to hear Jesse Jackson at Houghton Memorial Chapel on Feb. 6, 1972. Photo courtesy of Wellesley College Archives.



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Exits and Entrances: Women's Careers in Transition

By Melissa Ludtke '73

Wellesley alumnae share stories of their reinventions brought about by job losses, family obligations, or the simple desire to rediscover passionate interests.



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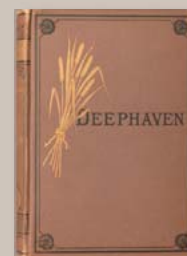
In Their Own Words

The recipients of the 2013 Alumnae Achievement Awards—Barbara Lubin Goldsmith '53, Marilyn Koenick Yalom '54, Callie Crossley '73, and Diana Farmer '77—discuss the circuitous paths that brought them to the successes Wellesley is celebrating now.



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On the cover

THE DURANT CAMELLIA

Heralding spring for more than 140 years

Illustration by Jason Holley



WELLESLEY MAGAZINE ONLINE

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The Whole Picture

By Alice M. Hummer

A search through Wellesley College Archives photographs revealed a more diverse past than Meredyth Grange '14 expected, resulting in last fall's *Mosaic: A Photo Exhibit of Wellesley Students of Color From the 1920s–1980s*.



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One of the objectives of *Wellesley*, in the best College tradition, is to present interesting, thought-provoking material, even though it may be controversial. Publication of material does not necessarily indicate endorsement of the author's viewpoint by the magazine, the Alumnae Association, or Wellesley College.

Wellesley magazine reserves the right to edit and, when necessary, revise all material that it accepts for publication. Unsolicited photographs will be published at the discretion of the editor.

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You can also update your information online when you visit the Alumnae Association website at www.wellesley.edu/Alum/.

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From the Editor



ast fall, I went to see *Mosaic: A Photo Exhibit of Wellesley Students of Color From the 1920s–1980s*, junior Meredyth Grange's labor of love for the Wellesley campus (see "The Whole Picture," page 34). In among the many fabulous shots—of students having tea, staging protests, playing Frisbee on Severance Green—was a photo that particularly captured my attention. It was a formal portrait of an African-American man dating from the early years of the College. The caption told me his name was Dominick Duckett, a general handyman and kitchen worker. He was known, Grange wrote, for teaching students to ride bicycles. I smiled at the thought of laughing young women in corsets and long skirts teetering down the road in front of College Hall on bikes, cheered on by the man in front of me.

What I loved about this portrait was that somebody valued his contribution enough to preserve the photograph for future generations in the College Archives. More than a century later, Dominick Duckett's small kindnesses are remembered.

A few months afterward, I wandered up and down the halls of Alumnae Hall, looking at the portraits of the recipients of the Alumnae Achievement Awards over the last 40 years. There were so many of them: the opera singer, the astronaut, the journalists, the string theorist, the secretaries of state, and numerous others.

Those hallways are a pantheon of women's achievements and Wellesley's institutional pride. The stories behind those faces inspire, but not just because of what those alumnae honorees have achieved professionally. At this year's Achievement Award ceremony, for example, one of the recipients told of raising three small children as she worked on her master's and doctorate, moving from institution to institution to follow her husband's job transfers. ("I would not recommend that to young people today," she said wryly.) Another spoke of having her life plans crushed by a serious car accident—and then using that event as a launching point for a re-envisioned career.

The stories of the Achievement Award recipients are stories of setbacks, hard-won victories, and careers that are anything but linear—experiences that all of us have at one time or another. Still, the lives of these women can be intimidating to both students and alumnae. More than once, I've heard a student say, "You're never going to find my portrait on the wall in Alumnae Hall." And an alum friend of mine, after reading one of the Achievement Award profiles in this issue (see page 25), said, "Damn. I feel like such a slacker!"

This particular Wellesley friend, I should add, has substantial professional accomplishments on her résumé. When I think of her, though, what most comes to mind is her cackling sense of humor and the many times she has lightened my day by making me laugh, her love for Wellesley and consequent willingness to help out under just about any circumstance, and her many kindnesses over the years.

As a community, we celebrate the Achievement Award winners for their shining talents and creativity, their innovative thinking, and the mark they have made on the world. But we also need to celebrate the smaller achievements—including the little things we do for one another in our daily lives. A century hence, whatever we have done (or not done) in our careers, may we all be so fortunate to be remembered for our small kindnesses, like the simple act of teaching students to ride bicycles.



Early College employee Dominick Duckett

WELLESLEY COLLEGE ARCHIVES

—Alice M. Hummer, editor

Letters to the Editor

Wellesley welcomes short letters (a maximum length of 300 words) relating to articles or items that have appeared in recent issues of the magazine. Send your remarks to the Editor, Wellesley magazine, 106 Central St., Wellesley, MA 02481-8203, or email comments to magazine@alum.wellesley.edu.

WELLESLEY'S ENDURING VITALITY

Thank you for the winter '13 edition of the alumnae magazine. I read it cover to cover. It was an inspiring reflection of the enduring vitality of the College and of the women who take Wellesley out into the world. In David Brooks' *New York Times* op-ed piece (Feb. 28, 2013), he suggested in a column called "The Learning Virtues" that American colleges and universities focused too narrowly on advancing academic understanding of the world. My copy of *Wellesley* was the perfect counter-argument to that claim.

KATE HOSKEN MOORE '68
Mill Valley, Calif.

FOR ANOTHER FATHER



Thank you for the fascinating article in *Wellesley* about Colleen Shine's search for the remains of her father ("What

Remains," winter '13). I wish I had known Colleen while we were at Wellesley. My father, also an Air Force pilot, was killed in 1965 in a Cold War mission off the coast of Massachusetts. We were stationed at Otis Air Force Base; I was 3, my sister 5, and my brother 9 months old. This was the first of three plane crashes in which 50 men total were lost. Some bodies were never recovered. The families were moved off the base as soon as possible and given no information or explanation about the causes of the crashes.

I tried many times over the years to get the Air Force investigation report released under the Freedom of Information Act and have never

been successful. The Air Force claims that they can never release information about the cause of a military accident, no matter how many years have passed. They sent me some records, but much of the information was blacked out. With the advent of the internet, I connected with many Air Force veterans who had flown in the 551st Airborne Early Warning & Control Wing and other "Connie" missions, and they have been wonderful. I even corresponded with the two men who survived my father's plane crash.

I appreciate all the work Colleen Shine is doing to help military families who lose a family member to get some peace of mind. I know things have improved since the 1960s, but it seems we have a long way to go.

DEBORAH BRODY HAMILTON '84
Arlington, Va.

THE ESSENCE OF WELLESLEY

Just a quick note to share my appreciation for the fabulous magazine redesign! It has captured the essence and values of Wellesley perfectly, and my congratulations to the entire team that made it happen. And of course it goes without saying that the articles and quality of information in the magazine are as amazing as ever. I just learned that I can access the magazine online as well, an added bonus. Keep up the fantastic work, and I can't wait to receive the next issue!

NAHZ ANVARY '98
Davis, Calif.

GOOD-BYE, MANNED SPACE TRAVEL?

I enjoyed Margaret Dean's farewell tribute to our nation's space-shuttle program ("Good-Bye, Atlantis," winter '13), but there is no reason for the sentiment to be anything but sweet. Readers need not be worried that human space flight is over in our country. NASA right now is developing the Orion program, which will take humans beyond Earth's orbit, to asteroids and eventually to Mars. NASA also has programs that are sending or have sent probes to distant planets and moons and, as most of us know, has rovers on Mars, conducting very exciting geological exploration. We also have

a working laboratory in space, the International Space Station, in which scientists from around the world are conducting research in many fields. So, there is no reason to be disheartened. The space shuttle was a grand machine, but now, with our new and more distant goals, a different vehicle is needed, one that can travel to those far off places as well as the Space Station. For those interested, visit the NASA website, www.nasa.gov, to learn more. Also, ask your cable provider to deliver the NASA television station. It is superb!

BRENDA WATERS '72
Huntington, Vt.

REMEMBERING MIRANDA



Miranda Marvin ("In Memoriam," winter '13) was my first professor at Wellesley. In addition to her profound intellect, sense of humor, and joy of living, there was the reality of what she believed about me as a new student, one with-

out much confidence returning to college at 25. She simply had *no doubt* in—actually took for granted—my intellect, interest, passion, and ability to succeed at Wellesley from the first meeting we had together in her office in Jewett.

Many years passed, I came and went from campus for various reasons and events, but always stayed in touch somehow. When I had trauma in my personal life, Miranda became a supportive friend and confidante, again, having no doubt that I would survive and come through with a deeper understanding of myself and life.

Her passing is a deep loss, but she is there in the universal power, after a day at work, writing or giving a lecture, always making time for a drink and "a little something"—something to fortify, to reaffirm, to send one on one's way happily and gratefully.

NAZIK BARBARA SABA CE/DS '88
Milton, Mass.

Continued on page 80

CONTRIBUTORS



KAREN GRIGSBY BATES '73
("The Feminist's Pen," p. 28) is a Los Angeles-based correspondent for NPR News.



SARAH LIGON '03
("Good on Paper," p. 26) is a writer and magazine editor living in Canada. Her profile of Barbara Goldsmith '53 inspired her to believe that if Goldsmith could write with multiple small children at home, perhaps she can, too.



AMY MAYER '94
("The Birth of Fetal Surgery," p. 32) is based in Ames, Iowa, and covers agriculture for Iowa Public Radio.

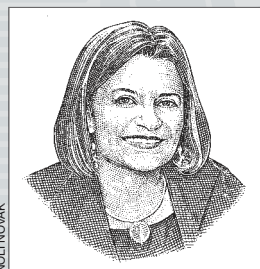


MELISSA LUDTKE '73
("Exits and Entrances," p. 18) recently left a steady salary and benefits to write a memoir about the landmark court case she was involved in during the 1970s, *Ludtke v. Kuhn*.



JENNIFER VANASCO '94
("A Voice for the Unheard," p. 30) writes about how the media covers social minorities in her weekly "Minority Reports" column for *Columbia Journalism Review*. She is a freelance writer in New York City.

The Paths We Take



members to speak about his or her area of expertise.

This year, Professor of Psychology Margaret Keane spoke on “Remembrance of Things Past and Future: Insights from Amnesia.” It was a fascinating and engaging presentation of her important research that has led to a better understanding of how memory functions. One tidbit of information that Professor Keane related in response to a question was how she became interested in this line of research. She attributed it to her work with an amnesic patient in graduate school, followed by a set of “fluky circumstances.”

Many alumnae have told me about the unexpected “fluky circumstances” that led them to their current positions. As much as we try to plan for and anticipate our future jobs and careers, it is often those unforeseen connections, those serendipitous twists and turns that influence

IN FEBRUARY, I had the pleasure of attending an important annual event in Wellesley’s intellectual life: our Distinguished Faculty Lecture. This public lecture provides an opportunity for one of the College’s most accomplished and respected faculty

I have previously written in these pages about the problem with the concept of “shovel-ready” students. That is, students who are educated with a specific set of skills and with a specific job in mind. Conversely, the societal benefit of a liberal-arts education is that we produce wise, creative, analytical, sophisticated citizens. The habits of mind that Wellesley students learn in the classroom, labs, and studios, and through internships and travel experiences build their confidence, cultural knowledge, and leadership skills, which are important both in the 21st-century workplace and throughout their entire lives.

To know that this remains true, one has only to look at the contributions of our alumnae around the world. In February, I had the honor of being on stage with four remarkable alumnae—Callie Crossley ’73, Diana Farmer ’77, Barbara Lubin Goldsmith ’53, and Marilyn Koenick Yalom ’54—who each received the 2013 Alumnae Achievement Award (see articles beginning on p. 25). While their backgrounds and experiences prior to Wellesley were vastly different, they each spoke about how their Wellesley educations empowered them to greet new experiences openly (or, to “take the first bus” and parlay that opportunity into something better, as Barbara Goldsmith explained), leading them to interesting and

‘Alumnae are adept at navigating changes, in part because of the exceptional liberal-arts education they receive here.’ —President H. Kim Bottomly

our life’s work in surprising ways. For our alumnae, those circuitous paths often involve Wellesley connections along the way. (There is good reason that the Wellesley network is considered the most powerful women’s network in the world!)

Alumnae are adept at navigating changes, in part because of the exceptional liberal-arts education they receive here. I have often argued that the true value of a liberal-arts education is not merely to train students in the skills necessary for entry-level jobs, but rather to educate students to become lifelong learners and to have the skills for a lifetime of jobs.

important opportunities that they could not have foreseen when they were students.

Their sentiments offered an important message to current students, who often feel both inspired and intimidated by the long line of successful Wellesley alumnae who came before them. I hope our current students will remember to “take the first bus” and, with any luck, encounter some “fluky circumstances” along the way. The destination—and the path that leads there—will be well worth it.

H. Kim Bottomly

Window

ON WELLESLEY



JUST BEAT IT



Where can students find an experience that combines performance art, physical exercise, a rich cultural history, and the adrenaline rush of beating a big, loud drum? Look no further than Aiko, Wellesley's taiko-drumming group, which has been bringing the ancient Japanese tradition to life on campus since 2007. Their performances are known for their captivating, rhythmic intensity and the teamwork that shines through when students take the stage.

"We all come with different levels of skill and knowledge," said April Zhu '14, Aiko's copresident. "But students help teach each other. We like to explore, learn, and teach different styles of taiko."

Taiko drumming has its roots in Japanese mythology and warfare history but has been enjoyed in its modern form by immigrant communities and young people in the West since the 1960s. As an art form, it is as much about attitude and energy as it is about technique. Drums range in size from as small as a snare to larger than the drummers themselves.

In taiko's early days at Wellesley, eager students practiced on makeshift drums made out of plastic garbage cans. But with the help of student fund-raising and contributions from alumnae living in Japan, members have been able to build an impressive drum collection of their own, a collection they hope will grow with the group.

—Sidrah Baloch '14

'We like to explore, learn, and teach different styles of taiko.'

Catherine Guo '13 performs at the Slater cultural show last fall.



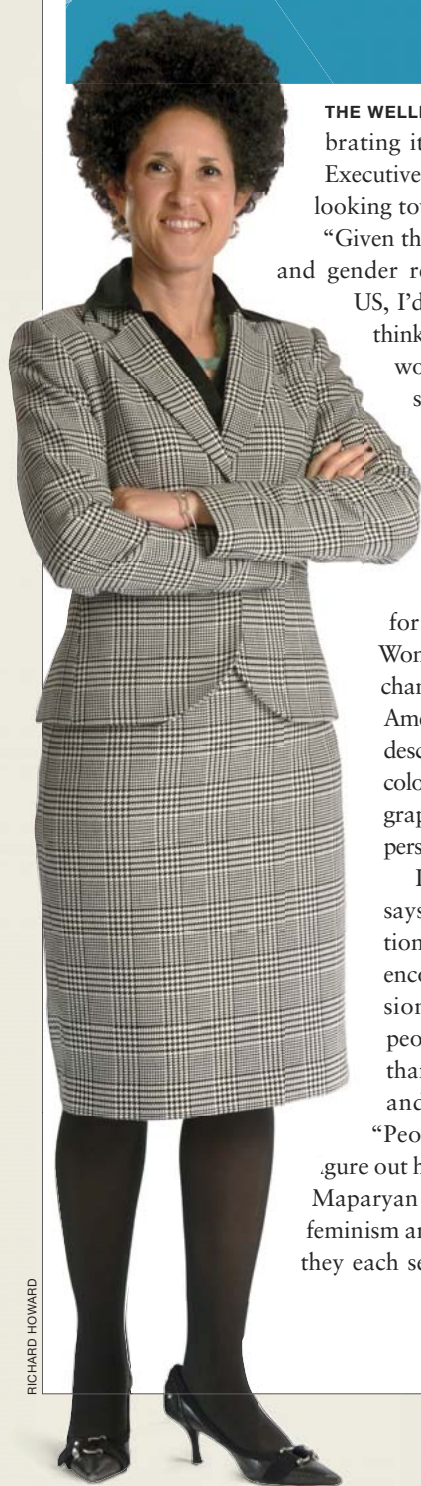
IN PERSON

'This place is the perfect fit for me. ... I really enjoy working with the researchers and our core staff and everyone at Wellesley and in the community.' —Layli Maparyan

MOVING THE NEEDLE

ON WOMEN'S ISSUES

Layli Maparyan



THE WELLESLEY CENTERS FOR WOMEN is celebrating its 39th anniversary this year, but Executive Director Layli Maparyan is already looking toward the 50th.

"Given that we're already the largest women and gender research-in-action institute in the US, I'd like to see us become the leading think tank focusing on issues related to women, girls, and gender," Maparyan says. "That's the high-water mark."

Maparyan, the new Katherine Stone Kaufman '67 Executive Director of the Wellesley Centers for Women (WCW) and a professor of Africana studies at Wellesley, is perhaps best known for her two books on womanism. Womanism, she explains, is a social-change perspective named by African-American women who were looking to describe the ways in which women of color make change, which often include grappling with issues from a spiritual perspective.

It's different from feminism, she says, because it has a politics of invitation. "We invite people to change, we encourage people to change, we envision change together in ways that people will buy into and enact, rather than engaging in a politics of struggle and opposition," Maparyan says.

"People of different opinions have to figure out how to survive and thrive together." Maparyan notes that there's no reason to pit feminism and womanism against each other—they each serve different ends. Feminism, she

notes, focuses on individual rights. Womanism is a flexible, community-centered approach geared toward solving "entrenched global problems, everything from conflict and warfare to climate change to the epidemic of depression."

This approach has meant that Maparyan, who spent the first two decades of her career as an academic, also prizes community engagement. She believes in taking action that has a real-world impact. Before coming to Wellesley, she led the Women's Initiative of the National Center for Civil and Human Rights in Atlanta, served on the national board of directors of an organization serving children with parents in prison, and developed a gender-studies curriculum at the University of Liberia as a Fulbright Specialist.

Maparyan's background is in the social sciences—she has a Ph.D. in psychology—but she has also worked in women's studies and Africana studies. "It gives me a very comprehensive approach to the work of the Centers," she says. "This place is the perfect fit for me. All the things I was doing before under different hats, I can now do under one hat—and for me, it's just great. I really enjoy working with the researchers and our core staff and everyone at Wellesley and in the community."

She is looking forward to helping WCW develop more global partnerships, using its public-policy-oriented research to help develop real-world solutions so that "the people on the ground feel change." In other words, she thinks it is important that WCW programs continue to show results. And she wants to do a better job publicizing those results—to Wellesley, and to the world. By its 50th anniversary, she's hoping WCW will be a household name.

"There are a lot of projects that I'm excited about," Maparyan says, "and we want more people to know about them. We want to participate in public conversations around these issues. We don't want to simply raise criticisms. We want to move the needle on issues affecting women and girls."

—Jennifer Vanasco '94

The WCW scholars, including Maparyan, launched a blog last fall called "Women Change Worlds," at bit.ly/WubNaT.

RICHARD HOWARD



Chess Queen

IT'S IMPRESSIVE to see row after row of chess pieces set up for play on more than two dozen chess boards in the Science Center atrium. But it's even more impressive to see one student actually playing 25 people *simultaneously* on all those boards.

On the evening of March 5, Anya Corke '13, a Woman Grandmaster from Hong Kong, moved effortlessly from game to game, sizing up each opponent and shifting her pieces with ballet-like hand movements. Her competitors ranged from her fellow students, to small children new to the game, to some of the College's most senior professors. Many commented on how gracious Corke was; she even occasionally cautioned a beginner against a disastrous move.

As a hushed crowd watched from different levels of the Science Center, Corke dispatched her first opponent in 27 minutes. Checkmate after checkmate, they fell, until Professor Fred Shultz of the math department was alone with Corke at the table. Though he hadn't played regularly in some time, Shultz became the folk hero of the evening when he ended his game in a draw. "Anya did an amazing job," he says. "Adrenaline was flowing so much that by the end I couldn't stop my hands from shaking."

Corke played to benefit the newly formed Wellesley College Chess Club, raising funds for student purchases of boards and pieces. For more information on the club, visit bit.ly/WM7198.

—Alice Hummer



WELLESLEY AWAY



The Rhythm of Life in Cameroon

STUDENT: Chelsey Baturin '14

MAJOR: Peace & Justice Studies, French Cultural Studies

HOMETOWN: Hagerstown, Md.

STUDYING IN: Yaoundé, Cameroon

→ Tell us about your program.

I am on the yearlong Middlebury program in Yaoundé, Cameroon. I live with a Cameroonian host family, direct-enroll in the Université Catholique d'Afrique Centrale, and take a class with the program on local culture and literature. I wanted to study in a francophone African country to experience something completely different and unfamiliar.

→ What were your first impressions of Cameroon?

The streets filled with people and yellow taxis and motorcycles that seemed like they were going to crash into each other every other minute. And the nonstop African hip-hop music playing everywhere. Yaoundé never sleeps.

→ What other activities have you been doing this year?

I joined the school Catholic choir. I'm not Catholic, nor can I sing, but I found that it was a perfect opportunity to immerse myself in Cameroonian culture through traditional songs in local languages. I've also joined an environmental club. After watching truck after truck haul trees away to be shipped out of the country, and seeing the lack of public recycling and trash disposal, I wanted to get involved.

→ What are some things you have learned outside the classroom?

There's a really cool way to greet someone by shaking their hand and snapping fingers together. But the most important thing I've learned is the effect of colonialism on people's mentality, and how the West really has no idea how it continues to affect other parts of the world.

→ What has been your most unexpected experience?

My host mother passed away in January while visiting her daughter in Canada. It is one of the most difficult and transforming experiences I've had here. But it has also made me a lot closer with my host father and brothers.

→ What is your favorite part of your daily routine?

Ha! Daily routine? For the most part, the day can never be planned without some kind of interference, like a flat tire (due to pothole-filled roads), power outages, or the president passing through the city (which stops all traffic for hours). And of course, African time means everything starts at least one hour late.

—Sidrah Baloch '14



Chelsey Baturin '14 in Yaoundé, Cameroon



ART OF WELLESLEY



WARREN JAGGER

Art Celebrating Muslim Women

A PROVOCATIVE PHYSICIAN-TURNED-ARTIST, Hend al-Mansour, was on campus on Feb. 5 to give a lecture-presentation on her installation in the Multifaith Center of Houghton Chapel.

“Habiba’s Chamber” was part of a suite called “Fatimah in America,” a collection of five “rooms” constructed of silkscreened fabric walls, each intended as a type of “portrait” of one of five Muslim women who live or lived in Minnesota, whom al-Mansour either researched or interviewed directly. Her work tends to a warm palette and incorporates traditional calligraphy and floral and geometric designs, as well as Bedouin tribal motifs.

In her native Saudi Arabia, al-Mansour trained as a physician—in part to gain the relative independence within Saudi society that a medical career would give her, and in

part “to prove that women have a full brain,” she says. But after her arrival in the United States, illness forced her to reevaluate her priorities. She earned an M.F.A. from the Minneapolis College of Art and Design in 2002 and launched a new career as an artist.

Her artwork “explores religious and social belief systems, especially those dealing with women, sexuality, and understanding the other,” she has said. Through it, she has made a kind of peace with the Islamic culture she was born into. When she first started, she says, her work was “angry.” But then she found that viewers responded positively to the way she drew on the designs and calligraphy of Islamic art. She realized, “I see it as beautiful, I portray it beautifully—how can I hate it?”

—Ruth Walker

JUDGING A WOMAN BY HER COVERS



arah Wyman Whitman (1842–1904) embraced the ideals of the Arts and Crafts movement, which emphasized handwork and encouraged the creation of well-designed objects for the home. As a wealthy Bostonian, her income permitted her the leisure to study painting, locally with William Morris Hunt and abroad in Europe. By the 1880s, Whitman’s

painting had achieved a measure of critical and popular success, but true to the Arts and Crafts creed, she added interior design, stained glass, and bookbinding to her repertoire.

Creating beautiful book covers proved a task for which Whitman was ideally suited. As a member of the Boston literary scene, she knew many writers and poets, including Sarah Orne Jewett and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The Boston publishing house Houghton Mifflin employed her to create elegantly simple bindings inspired by nature—often represented in stylized floral motifs. She did all the lettering and designs freehand in pencil, and die cutters turned her designs into stamps so they could be embossed in metallic or colored ink on the cloth bindings.

Houghton Mifflin catered to a growing market of middle-class readers who desired affordable books to display in their homes, according to Molly Eckel ’12, an art-history major who wrote her senior thesis on Whitman. Over 20 years, from the 1880s to 1900, Whitman designed 200 bindings for Houghton Mifflin, giving them the same attention and care lavished on more expensive, leather-bound books.

By 1900, the heyday of printed cloth bindings had passed, upended by the arrival of four-color paper dust covers, which could be made more cheaply. But the books designed by this pioneer have proven to be of enduring interest and are highly sought after. Clapp Library’s Special Collections has more than 90 examples of these remarkable books, which still give readers an elegant preview of the subjects within their covers.

—April Austin



A Wall With It All

Walking through the Newhouse Center for the Humanities these days, you can feel the creative juices flowing. Exploding, really. And streaking across the sky like a meteor. We're not being metaphorical here: There actually is a meteor streaking through the Newhouse Center, at least two-dimensionally, thanks to a new mural painted by David Teng Olsen, an assistant professor of art and internal faculty fellow at the Newhouse this year. For two grueling weeks, Teng Olsen painted *Explosions in the Sky*, a

trippy, Dr. Seussian stream of visual consciousness. Bits and pieces of current events make appearances—the emeritus pope and a crowded Vatican City, the Russian meteor—and the artist took requests from the audiences that assembled, from a food-delivery guy to a visiting child. There's truly something for everyone. Especially if you enjoy awesome.

—Jennifer Flint



RICHARD HOWARD

Still Blooming After All These Years

THE TREE FEATURED ON THIS ISSUE'S COVER is the grande dame of the Margaret C. Ferguson Greenhouses, the Durant camellia (*Camellia japonica*). At least 140 years old, it was a gift from Wellesley's founder, Henry Durant, one of four he gave to the College. Two went up in flames inside College Hall in 1914, and the third was removed from the greenhouses at some point. Sometimes called "the rose of winter," the tree blooms in February. The variegation in the Durant camellia's flowers is caused by a virus, making each blossom unique. The affected cells don't produce pigment, while the unaffected cells remain red. While the tree has stubbornly resisted propagation—the most recent attempt happened last June—Kristina Niovi Jones, director of the Wellesley College Botanic Gardens, says that the tree is in good health and bloomed "beautifully" in 2013.

—Lisa Scanlon '99



RICHARD HOWARD



SPORTS

By Jennifer Flint

Other colleges and universities may have bigger, shinier sports facilities, with corporate sponsors and a theme song for their Zamboni. But the Blue have something they don't: Caitlin Pickul, an assistant director of strength and conditioning (also an assistant soccer coach). She gets varsity athletes to the gym at 7 A.M. and—get this—they're *smiling* about it.

Along with the rest of the athletics department, Pickul has been helping varsity teams eke the most out of their strength training, literally bringing the program out of the subbasement. Thanks to support from the Friends of Wellesley Athletes, Pickul meets with the varsity teams in a new (to them), repurposed squash court, which has been tricked out with more equipment than you could shake a medicine ball at.



One-on-One

One of Pickul's gifts, according to students, is knowing what every athlete needs to get through a workout. Sarah Schwartzmeyer '13 (above, right), who pitches for the softball team, says she likes to push herself. "So sometimes, to push me even further, Pickul will joke around and say, 'You can do more, Schwartz.' She knows that will motivate me. I don't think she's ever gotten in my face."

To which Ashleigh Sargent '13 counters: "She's gotten in my face before, and I love it. If I'm doing a set and I don't think I can finish it, she'll just yell, 'You got it, you got it!' I respond really well to that, but she knows that about me. She takes a lot of effort to figure out what every player responds to."

Results

Ika Kovacicova '14, a swimmer, says the specialized training—from circuits of squats and curls to more specialized workouts like the slideboards (above, left)—is making the Blue better, with "faster starts, quicker turns, and stronger under-waters." Plus, she says, "developing upper-body and core strength helps our efficiency in the water by improving our distance per stroke, which gets you to the other end of the pool faster."

The Smile Effect

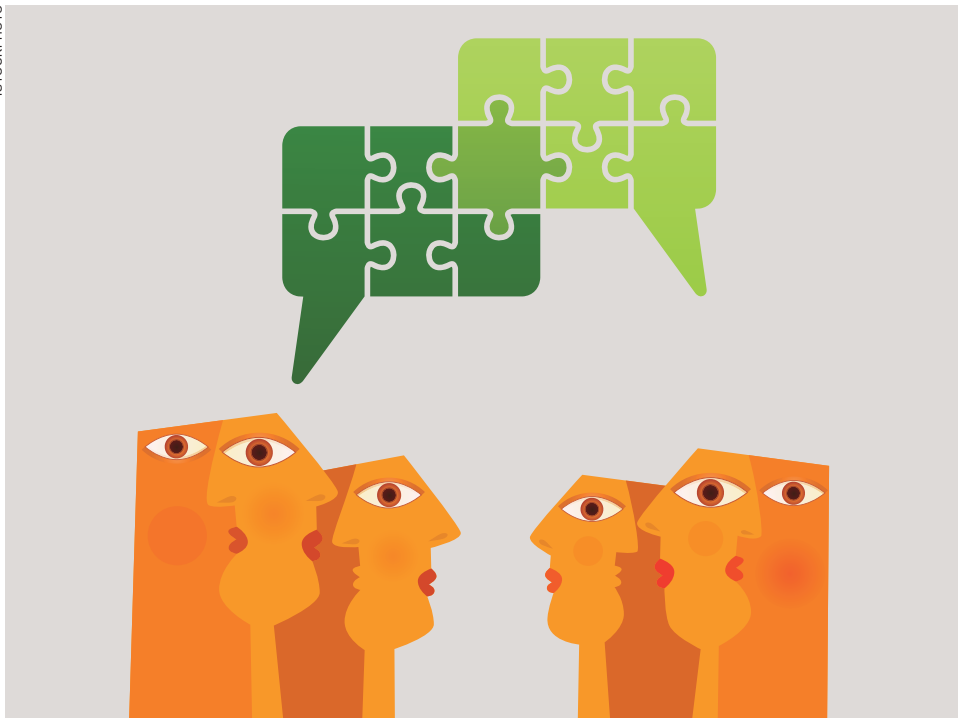
Every. Single. Student: They all mention Pickul's always-on good humor. If someone is struggling through a challenging set, "Pickul has a way of interrupting you by making a joke," says Abby Casey '15. "This is enough to make you laugh, regroup, and make it through the next set of reps." That positive energy goes viral.

In Pickul's own words, she loves her job. For this M.B.A., having a job where she can "jump around and be active all day is amazing."

RICHARD HOWARD

Faster, Stronger, Smilier

ISTOCKPHOTO



Room for Debate

A CONSERVATIVE, a liberal, and a libertarian walk into a classroom. Waiting for the punch line? If Professor Tom Cushman's hopes were realized, this would be the set-up for a great intellectual debate, not a bad joke. For a few years, the Deffenbaugh de Hoyos Carlson Professor in the Social Sciences and Professor of Sociology has been trying to generate "more pluralism in the intellectual diversity on campus." His 2013 Wintersession program, the Freedom Project, expands on that effort.

The program, funded by a donation from Nancy Johnston Records '56 and her husband, George, provided 15 students with a week's worth of exposure to ideas related to freedom. It encouraged participants to engage in "intensive debate with scholars and practitioners whom students would not ordinarily meet in the course of their studies at Wellesley," says Cushman: a libertarian philosopher and economist, an anarchist philosopher, a legal scholar with expertise in humanitarian intervention, and a leading libertarian journalist, among others.

The political leanings of this year's participants ranged from dyed-in-the-wool feminist

liberal to libertarian to conservative, maybe even some moderates, but they shared a healthy respect for the process. "Even the students who were comfortably entrenched in their own viewpoints were willing and eager to hear the opinions of others," says Bailey Desmond '14, an economics and philosophy major. "The debate was good for everyone. There is truly nothing better to strengthen your own philosophy than hearing opposing arguments."

The real problem with political debate, both on campus and off, according to Cushman, "is that it gets polarized really quickly. So I'm trying to put up speed bumps so students will think rationally about their arguments instead of rushing to emotion or ideology."

One very effective speed bump for the week in January: The 15 participants all lived together, sharing meals and long days for the course of the week. Under those conditions, "everyone's liable to be more considerate," says Desmond, "since you couldn't escape a person you insulted."

—Jennifer Flint

OBJECT OF OUR ATTENTION

Rocks of Ages

ROCKS ARE AN OPEN BOOK to Associate Professor of Geosciences David Hawkins. In them, he can read the history of the Earth or determine the environment in which particular specimens were formed. Sit with him for a few moments, and he'll read you an engrossing tale from the many samples in the geosciences department collection—whether it's a greenish specimen or a rock studded with fossil shells that appear to be gold.

The greenish sample, Hawkins says, is a chunk of the Earth's mantle that was spewed up in an eruption from 60 kilometers below the surface of the planet. The minerals present—in this case, predominately olivine—give us some sense of the temperature and pressure where the rock originated in the Earth's interior.

The fossil, on the other hand, was formed on the planet's surface, Hawkins explains. During the Cretaceous period, shallow seas covered Europe, and shelled animals like ammonites (similar to a squid with a shell) lived in the water columns. The unfortunate creatures who became this fossil sank to deep water and got buried in mud, an oxygen-poor environment. The calcium in their calcium carbonate (CaCO_3) shells was replaced by iron and the carbonite by sulphur. The result? Pyrite, or fool's gold (FeS_2). "This conversion to pyrite," Hawkins says, "actually preserves the shells in great detail. ... It's really cool." Specimens like this fossil are used in survey courses on the history of the Earth and in a biology course on evolution.

Rocks such as these, Hawkins says, "are critical for reconstructing the history of the Earth and how the environments of the Earth have changed through time. That's what gets me out of bed in the morning."

—Alice Hummer



RICHARD HOWARD

Plumbing the Depths of LAKE WABAN

THE BEAUTIFUL BATHYMETRIC MAP shown here is the product of a group research project by Katrin Monecke's GEOS 304 Sedimentology students. But before her students could plumb the depths of Lake Waban, they needed an inexpensive research tool to help them do it.

That's where Caroline Templeton '14 came in. A double major in geoscience and computer science, she adapted an ordinary electronic fish finder so that it could take readings of the depth of the lake itself.

"There are very expensive lake bathymetric surveys that you can purchase," Templeton explained in an instant-message interview from New Zealand, where she is studying this semester. "This was meant to be a low-cost alternative using an inexpensive fish finder."

The echo-sounder had a GPS built in. "I worked on a connection between the computer and device," she continued, "which mostly consisted of troubleshooting and trying different ways to establish the correct connection."

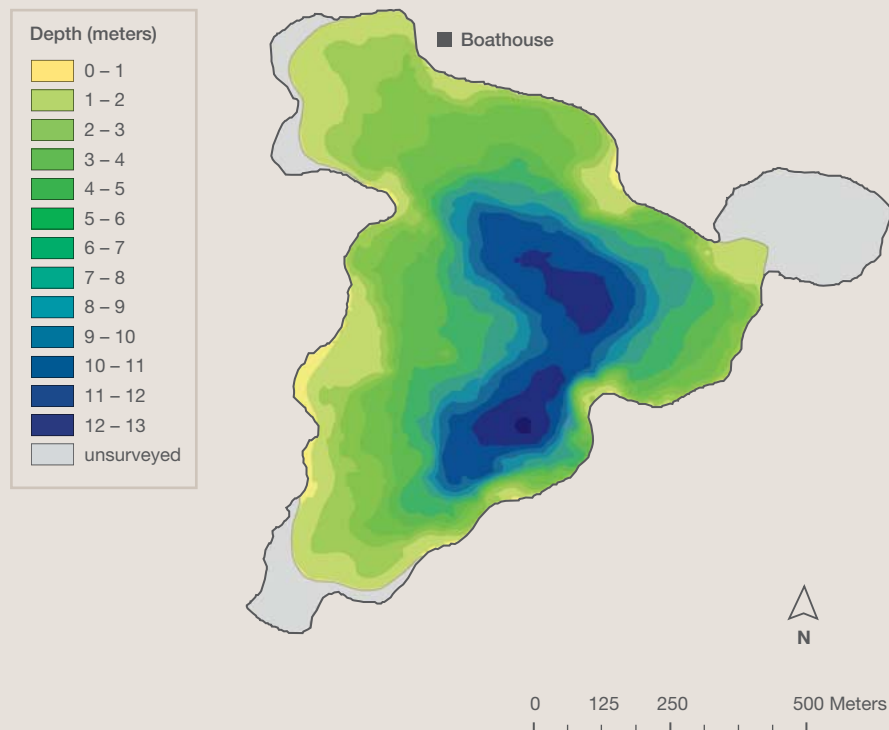
"After the device was attached, the data were able to transfer in real time. So as we are moving on the boat, you can actually see the data coming in."

The GEOS 304 students collected more than 12,000 depth readings from different points on the lake. "I wrote a simple program that took the data and went through it and took the information we wanted and the location where we got it and put it together," Templeton said. From there, they were able to produce the map.

The students found that Lake Waban's greatest depth is 12.2 meters, or 40 feet; its two subbasins follow the direction of two underlying pre-glacial valleys. They also identified potential coring sites for future studies of the Lake Waban sediments. Such cores can be studied for evidence of historical earthquakes, among other things. And other students will be able to use the tool that Templeton has developed to study other water bodies as well.

Monecke credits a number of people at Wellesley for their help: rowing coach Austin Work, who provided the boat the student

Lake Waban, Wellesley, Mass.



researchers used; Caroline "Rosie" Duncan '13, lifeguard and geoscience major, who navigated the group safely on the lake; and Carolin Ferwerda of Library and Technology Services and Alden Griffith in environmental studies, who helped with the geographic information system (GIS) software. "It became a truly campus-wide effort," says Monecke.

The colors of the map, by the way, follow the cartographic convention of using "warmer" tones for shallower waters and "cooler" ones for deeper water. The result is a colorful map that seems to suggest that, at its greatest depths, Lake Waban is a true Wellesley blue.

—Ruth Walker



Lauren Goldfarb '13, Caroline "Rosie" Duncan '13, Kim Herrera '13, Caroline Templeton '14, and Katrin Monecke, assistant professor of geosciences, ready for a foray on the lake

BY THE NUMBERS / CAMPUS POLICE

1975

Year the department became a police agency with fully sworn officers

14

Number of sworn officers in the department

799

Number of student room lockouts answered during the fall 2012 semester

83

Number of emergency call boxes located throughout campus

625

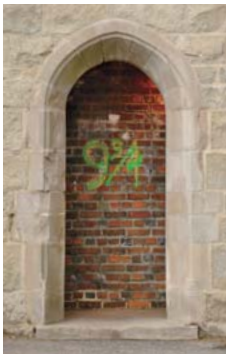
Number of emergency whistles handed out to first-year students during orientation 2012



F.C.O.

REPORTS FROM AROUND CAMPUS

College Road



RICHARD HOWARD

PotterMania

HERE THIS, ALL YOU MUGGLES:

The Whomping Wellesleys, the College's quidditch team, has been officially constituted by College Government. One benefit for the high-flying crew: They may now apply for CG funding. Founded in 2010, the team has held regular practices (bring your own broomstick, please), sponsored two 24-hour J.K. Rowling readathons, and organized midnight ventures to movie premieres (guess which ones). Some team members have attended Quidditch World Cups in New York. And in other Potter news, the chalked label on Platform 9¾—which had a tendency to disappear due to weather (or muggle hands?)—has been replaced by spray-painted numbers. Just so no one loses the way back to Hogwarts.

OVERHEARD

*'This time of year,
I did not leave
the dorm.
I mean, really.
My G.P.A.
reflected it. ...
It was cold
out there.'*

—Cokie Boggs Roberts '64,
speaking at an
Albright Institute event on a
frigid January day

Papercut

RAISE YOUR HAND if you've clicked print and spewed out a tree's worth of paper that you didn't really need. It happens to the best of us. To cut back on waste, Library and Technology Services has installed software called Papercut in the library and computing labs. Documents sent from computers anywhere on campus land in a general queue. To print on community printers, users must release their documents from the queue at a station adjacent to the printer. Papercut users can also track their printing volume through a web app that provides feedback on the number of trees consumed, grams of carbon produced, and a 60-watt bulb "energy equivalency."



HELPING HANDS

FOR THE EIGHTH TIME since Hurricane Katrina devastated New Orleans in 2005, Wellesley sent a contingent of students and staff to help The Big Easy rebuild. The Center for Work and Service Habitat for Humanity Wintersession Trip has become an annual tradition. This year's trip, Jan. 21–27, involved 17 Wellesley students and three staff members. Working on three different houses, students learned to caulk, paint, hammer, and saw. They also visited the Center for Ethical Living and Social Justice Renewal for a discussion on institutional racism, and the Hurricane Museum and the Lower Ninth Ward, to deepen their understanding of the storm and its aftermath. They also found time to enjoy beignets and café au lait, and to take in a Mardi Gras parade or two.



FOCUS ON FACULTY

'It was like a spark that catches fire. It went beyond interest to passion, to absolute absorption.' —Lisa Graham

Requiem as Resistance

LISA GRAHAM

Lisa Graham's quest for a doctoral thesis topic began, like many such quests, with a vague idea—in this case, about "music in incarcerated communities." She ended up focusing on the music of a very specific incarcerated community: Terezin, the Nazi concentration camp outside Prague.

Her adviser at the University of Southern California, composer Nick Strimple, specializes in Jewish and Czech music and put her in touch with Terezin survivors.

And she was hooked.

"It was like a spark that catches fire," says Graham, now Evelyn Barry Director of the Choral Program and lecturer in music. "It went beyond interest to passion, to absolute absorption." She wanted a better understanding of "how music was a key to survival" for those who made it.

Terezin was a sort of "arts camp" in the ghastly constellation of the Nazi concentration camps. The Germans used it for propaganda, showing it off to international visitors as a relatively humane place with a lively cultural life. It was filled with many musicians and other artists, many thoroughly assimilated and out of touch with their Jewish heritage.

"If you were a musician, you were playing at the Nazis' command," Graham observes of the Terezin inmates. "There were a lot of mixed feelings," she adds, with considerable understatement.

One of the musicians she studied was prisoner Rafael Schächter, who organized a chorus in the camp. People were so eager to take part that they "would give up dinner for chorus practice," Graham says. Schächter organized a performance of Verdi's *Requiem* at Terezin.

"At this point, they're getting the idea that people are not coming back from the transport trains," Graham says. And so Schächter's was a Sisyphean labor: "He had a piano, and he had one score." His singers had to memorize the music. Time and again, he would get a chorus trained—and then his singers would be sent off to the death camps. And so he would start again, with another group of singers.

"And there are times when I think my rehearsals [at Wellesley] aren't going well ..., " Graham comments with a rueful laugh, and then trails off.

Why the *Requiem*? Why was a setting of the Roman Catholic funeral mass the work these desperate people, imprisoned for their Jewishness, wanted to perform? Because it was a way for them to blast their Nazi captors with the wrath of God. The *Dies Irae* describes the "day of wrath" when "all Creation rises again to answer to the Judge" and "nothing shall remain unavenged."



RICHARD HOWARD

Not all of Schächter's singers perished. One who survived was Edgar Krasa, Schächter's bunkmate at Terezin. As the war was ending, Krasa was put on a forced march from Terezin to another camp. He faltered on the way. Shot and left for dead, he somehow managed to make his way to yet a third camp, which had recently been liberated by the Allies.

He now lives in Newton, Mass. He was in Schächter's chorus for the *Requiem*, "and to this day he can sing it from memory," Graham says. They connected when her Wellesley singers gave a performance of Terezin music on campus several years ago. He has been a useful contact and source for her since.

"There's still lots to learn" about the music of the Holocaust, Graham says. "And it's important to document." Music, she says, provides "a thread into a terrifying subject."

—Ruth Walker

OUTSIDE THE CLASSROOM

The Four Phases of Man

Associate Professor of Mathematics Stanley Chang is something of a Renaissance man. While he is a specialist in positive scalar curvature and rigidity of manifolds, he says he has pursued “four things with equal enthusiasm” since he was in his 20s: math, Greek, fencing, and music. This winter, he was “happy to mumble a few words” about his interests.

What is your involvement with Greek?

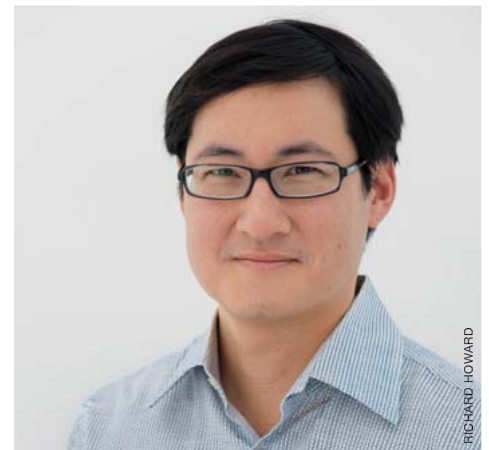
For about five years now, I have been in a Greek reading group on campus with Professor Emerita Mary Rosenthal Lefkowitz '57 from classics and Jonathan Tannenhauser from mathematics. We meet weekly to translate Greek works by Hesiod, Herodotus, Pindar, Theocritus, Aeschylus, and Aristophanes. Most recently, we finished Aeschylus' *Agamemnon*, and have made a foray into Latin (Suetonius' *Caligula*).

And your music interests?

I have been playing the piano since the age of 12, and more recently have tried my hand(s) at the harpsichord. I am in three choirs: (1) the St. Stephen's Schola Cantorum in Providence, R.I., where I sing every Sunday morning as a counter-tenor, (2) the 10-voice all-men's choir Nightsong in Cambridge, where I sing every month as a tenor, (3) the Metropolitan Brookline Chorale in Brookline, where I sing three concerts per season as a bass.

Is there a connection between your math and your music?

Oftentimes, people say to me, “Oh, you like music because you're a mathematician!” This kind of analysis makes me kind of grumpy and surly. I don't think that my interests are an outgrowth of my mathematical abilities. Rather, all of these interests originate from something larger: an interest in complex grammatical systems, and the ways that one can express oneself within these structures. Music, math, language, and fencing all have complicated rules of engagement, and practitioners of these subjects are challenged with the task of creating a dialogue that is subject to intricate rules of grammar and rhetoric.



RICHARD HOWARD

What draws you to fencing?

Fencing is a low-stamina, anaerobic, high brain-function kind of activity, perfect for me! I am [also] taking a gymnastics class once a week in Newton. I claim no proficiency; it's just fun.

Do you ever sleep?

I do sleep! In fact, I sleep a great deal, perhaps too much. I am very good at economizing my time.

—Alice Hummer

EAST ASIAN STUDIES

Launching Korean at Wellesley

When linguist Sun-Hee Lee came to Wellesley to launch a Korean program, most of the interested students were what she calls “heritage learners.” They had a connection to Korea and had likely grown up hearing the language, even if they couldn't speak it. But that's changed.

“Right now, [in] upper-level Korean, we have a higher population of heritage students, but in lower level it's quite balanced,” Lee says. This semester, one of Lee's nonheritage American students, who learned Korean at Wellesley, is studying abroad in Korea.

Lee also offers Gender and Language in Modern Korean Culture, which is taught in English. She said the course attracts political science, economics, and international relations majors, as well as students in East Asian studies who may be focused on China or Japan. She also



RICHARD HOWARD

encourages her Korean language students to consider studying one of the other Asian languages.

“The three countries are so connected in terms of the history, politics, economics,” she says. “I myself studied Japanese for three years at Ohio State.”

Lee earned one of her Ph.D.s—yes, she has two—at Ohio State University. She said in her linguistics program in Korea, she couldn't do the theoretical research that interested her. Ohio State offered her the opportunity to focus on data analysis. But she expected to return to Korea to launch her career, and she feared that a foreign doctorate would put her at a competitive disadvantage. So after completing her coursework at Ohio State, she went home and finished her Ph.D. at Yonsei University.

“And after that, I came back to the States, just to finish up my American Ph.D.” But then her life took an unexpected turn toward New England and, “ironically, I decided not go back.” While she's happy here, Lee does go back to Korea at least once a year, to present academic papers and update her own Korean. She says the fast-changing language is constantly adding new words and dropping outdated expressions.

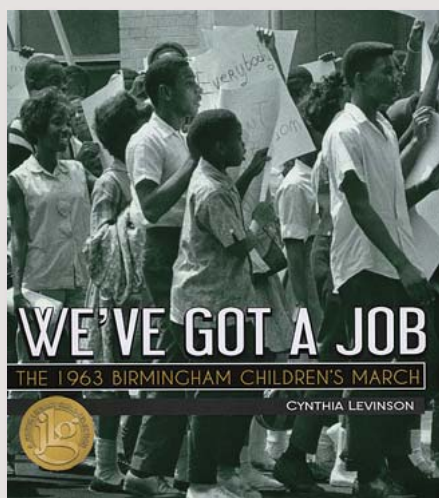
Lee clearly is proud of the program she's created, which she says stands out among liberal-arts colleges. “It's very strong,” she says, “I would say confidently it's stronger than any other place.”

—Amy Mayer '94

Shelflife

Reviews of books by Wellesley authors

Children in the Vanguard



CYNTHIA YENKIN LEVINSON '67
*We've Got a Job: The 1963
 Birmingham Children's March*
 Peachtree Books
 175 pages, \$19.95

A good writer can make the story of a 50-year-old event as moving and inspiring as the event itself. That is the case with Cynthia Levinson's book *We've Got a Job: The 1963 Birmingham Children's March*.

First, Levinson reminds her middle-grade and older readers just how segregated Birmingham was in 1963. In addition to the region-wide practices of separate drinking fountains, bathrooms, schools, and seats on buses, in Birmingham "city law and local custom required separate spelling bees, arts festivals, parties, YWCAs, meeting places, church services, courtroom Bibles for swearing in witnesses, seating in restaurants, and entrances to movie theaters."

Civil rights leaders tried boycotts, protests, lawsuits, and sit-ins to end these oppressive laws, but by 1963, even though the US Supreme Court had struck down the segregation of public facilities the previous decade, none of their efforts had succeeded in Birmingham.

The Rev. Martin Luther King traveled to Birmingham in April 1963. He and others came up with a plan for massive protests of the segregation ordinances. They hoped to fill the city jails with arrested protesters, so enforcement machinery would collapse from this burden. The plan required that 1,000 people be arrested.

By the 10th day of this campaign, however, "fewer than 150 people had been arrested." Many people in the black community urged Dr. King to give up this campaign. On April 29, it looked as if the project to fill the jails was doomed. Some were ready to give up. Levinson says: "The leaders despaired. What should they do?" One of the organizers said, "Fill the jails with school children."

The young people were ready. The first march occurred on Thursday, May 2. By Monday, May 6, almost 2,500 young students had been arrested. These marchers were attacked by police dogs, sprayed with high-powered hoses that blew them off their feet, and crowded into jails that were purposefully kept hot during the day and cold at night. One marcher is quoted, "No one should think it was easy... no one should think that no one was frightened."

Thousands of black students energized the civil rights movement in Birmingham and focused national attention on the brutal treatment of blacks of all ages in that city. Levinson

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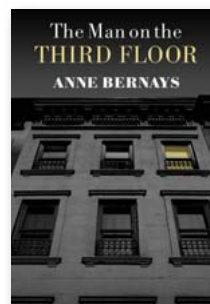
Midcentury Modern Family

Anne Bernays' novel of manners is a tidy gem, exploring the effects of different sorts of repression on a wealthy family in 1940s and '50s New York City.

Walter Samson is an accomplished book editor who uses his Harvard old boys' network, his own intelligence, and a bit of cunning to rise quickly at his publishing house. He seems to have everything—a smart, opinionated wife, two bright children, and a well-appointed brownstone on the Upper East Side. But Walter also has something else: a male lover, quietly ensconced in servants' quarters on the third floor of his home and acting as the family chauffeur.

The reader knows from the beginning that Walter is gay and that he will eventually be found out—the story is devoted to why and how. The plot, though, is secondary to the delights of the novel, which brings to life a midcentury New York full of gentlemen's clubs, long editorial lunches, society weddings, and the first menacing rumbles of McCarthyism.

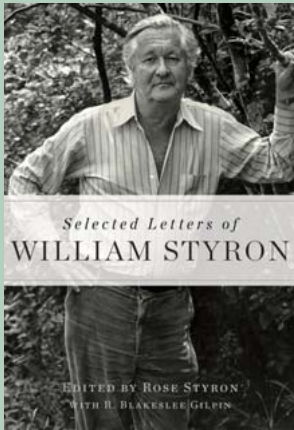
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ANNE BERNAYS '52
*The Man on the
 Third Floor*
 The Permanent Press
 184 pages, \$26

Bibliofiles

Capturing the Life of a True Man of Letters



Selected Letters of William Styron
Edited by Rose Burgunder Styron '50
with R. Blakeslee Gilpin
Random House, 704 pages, \$40

Rose Burgunder Styron '50, poet and human-rights activist, married novelist William Styron when they were both living in Europe—she as an expatriate poet, he as a young literary lion who had just won the Prix de Rome. He died in 2006, and in December 2012, Rose published her husband's *Selected Letters*, edited with R. Blakeslee Gilpin, a historian who is working on a biography of Styron.

How did this collection come into being?

After my husband died, I realized I was going to have to sell our property in Connecticut. Bill worked in our daughter's childhood bedroom in the last years when he wasn't well. I opened the drawers, and they were stuffed with letters that he saved for a decade or more. I was so touched by the fact that he had saved all these

letters, and they were so interesting and from such a variety of people—neighbors such as Mia Farrow, the writers Philip Roth and Peter Matthiessen, friends in Italy, old *Paris Review* buddies. I couldn't find letters that Bill had written because he didn't keep copies of them—he had no eye for posterity, he wrote in the moment. I wrote everyone I could think of—I had no idea whether I would get 20 letters or 100 letters. Pretty soon, hundreds and hundreds of letters arrived. I received at least 1,500 letters.

What surprises about your husband did you discover as you collected, read, and edited these letters?

I learned a lot—for example, he was quiet and alone during the day, and I assumed he was writing [fiction] for many hours in the afternoon,

and so I was surprised to find out that for at least half the time he was writing letters. While I was running around as a mom, or a hostess, or as a human-rights activist, or when I was holed up myself writing poetry, he was observing our lives together in a way that hadn't occurred to me that he noticed, because he didn't talk about it. I think whenever he was stuck in his fiction—his writing had to be done alone and over long periods—that instead of writing fiction, he would write reality.

What is next for you?

I'm hoping there will be some more. Through this project, I realized how our lives have revolved around letters. I don't, however, think I'm going to do any more letters. I'm going back to poetry—I'm working on an adventure chronicle, which may turn into a memoir.

By Lisa Hinrichsen '99 | Hinrichsen is an assistant professor of English at the University of Arkansas.

Freshink

♦ SUSAN R. ANDREWS '71

—*The Tears of God: Jesus as Passion and Promise, Cycle C Sermons for Lent and Easter Based on the Gospel Texts*, CSS Publishing Company

♦ DONNA BALLMAN '81

—*The Writer's Guide to the Courtroom: Let's Quill All the Lawyers*, e-book, Behler Publications

♦ AMY BATCHELOR '88, with Brad Feld—*Start-Up Life: Surviving and Thriving in a Relationship with an Entrepreneur*, Wiley

♦ D.W.M. Beck (MIMMI PETERSON BECK '89)

—*The Maui Quest*, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform

♦ Tova and Mimmi Beck (MIMMI PETERSON BECK '89)—*The Girl Who Loved to Draw Birds*, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform

♦ ANNE DE COURSEY

CLAPP, Faculty Emerita—*Commemorative Landscape Painting in China*, Tang Center for East Asian Art, Princeton University

♦ SHEILA CONNOLLY '72

—*Buried in a Bog (A County Cork Mystery)*, Berkley

♦ SHEILA CONNOLLY '72

—*Sour Apples (An Orchard Mystery)*, Berkley

♦ Lindsay Crane (LINDA RIEBEL '67)—*The Lie-Catcher in the Primate House*, Print and Pixel Books

♦ SUSAN M. DARLINGTON '80—*The Ordination of a Tree: The Thai Buddhist Environmental Movement*, SUNY Press

♦ JACQUELINE M. DORMITZER '61—*The Origins of Cohasset: The Land and Its People*, The Town of Cohasset, Mass.

♦ GENEVIEVE

FAIRBROTHER '88—*Eleusis*, CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform

♦ MARY ELLEN GEER '66

—*Life/Afterlife (poems)*, Finishing Line Press

♦ JESSIE HAAS '81

—*Saige*, American Girl

♦ JESSIE HAAS '81

—*Saige Paints the Sky*, American Girl

♦ Fiona Deans Halloran (FIONA A. GALVIN '95)—*Thomas Nast: The Father of Modern Political Cartoons*, University of North Carolina Press

♦ TRUDY J. HANMER '71

—*Wrought with Steadfast Will: A History of Emma Willard School*, Troy Book Makers

♦ Kathleen T. Isaacs (KATHLEEN TAYLOR ISAACS '62)—*Picturing the World: Informational Picture Books for Children*, American Library Association

♦ BROOKE JACKSON '84

—*Child of Mine: Caring for the Skin and Hair of Your Adopted Child*, Mag Mile Books

♦ CYNTHIA LIU '98

—*Wooby & Peep*, Sterling Children's Books

♦ Diane Lovejoy (DIANE PLANER LOVEJOY '78)

—*Cat Lady Chronicles*, Officina Libraria

♦ Mary McWilliams, ed.

(MARY ANDERSON MCWILLIAMS '76)—*In Harmony: The Norma Jean Calderwood Collection of Islamic Art*, Harvard Art Museums

♦ KATHARINE H.S. MOON, Faculty—*Protesting America: Democracy and the U.S.-Korea Alliance*, Global, Area, and International Archive

♦ Margaret Newhouse (MARGARET LOCK NEWHOUSE '63), Natalie Eldridge, and Andrea Gallagher (eds.)—*Live Smart After 50! The Experts' Guide to Life Planning for Uncertain Times*, Life Planning Network

Continued on page 80

SEND US YOUR BOOKS

If you've published a book and you'd like to have it listed in "Fresh Ink" and considered for review, please send two copies to Lisa Scanlon '99, *Wellesley* magazine, 106 Central St., Wellesley, MA 02481-8203.



and Exits entrances.

women's careers in transition

By Melissa Ludtke '73

Illustrations by Michael Glenwood

Sitting outdoors on an oddly warm December 2012 afternoon, I let my boss know I'd be leaving my job as the executive editor at the investigative-journalism institute at Brandeis University. I'd had this job for just one year, but I'd been thinking a lot about whether



‘I’ve reinvented myself many times before,
and I’m confident that I can and will reinvent myself again.
But this time is the hardest because my new role
leaves me exposed to my own worst nightmares.’

—Risa Greendlinger ’86

I’d stay for another. A different job wasn’t luring me away. Instead, at 61, I had developed an inescapable itch that I needed to scratch, even if doing so felt a bit irresponsible as a single mother with a daughter on the cusp of college.

In my holiday letter to friends, I shared my rationale, if I could call it that, for this life-altering reinvention:

As I progress through my seventh decade, I am devoting my energy to activities and projects imbued with meaning and purpose that have the potential of enabling me to “give back” to others. By the end of January, I will be without portfolio, but only in the sense of having no “office” job, nor any one direction in which I will be moving. Instead, I’m embarking on a variety of projects, each of which will call upon skills developed during my decades of being a journalist. And each project will reside in my “zone of passion”—the place inside my core where ideas and initiatives I long to do reside.

That itch I had is the memoir I’m writing as I look back at my life in my mid-20s, when I suddenly found myself as the named plaintiff in the federal lawsuit *Ludtke v. Kuhn*. The case was about women sports writers seeking equal access to interview Major League Baseball players, and it garnered global attention as a bellwether of women’s liberation. Most writing about the lawsuit then—and still now—skipped right over its constitutional anchoring in the 14th Amendment’s Equal Protection Clause with gender discrimination at its core. After 35 years, the time felt right to locate my lawsuit in its deserved legal and societal contexts.

On this day that I’d given my notice, coincidentally I had long-standing dinner plans with Alice Hummer, *Wellesley* magazine’s editor. As soon as we’d ordered, she tossed me an idea for a story: “How about a look at women’s lives in transition?” she said. “The spring issue is a good time for it.”

My first thought was this: How could Alice know? I hadn’t hinted to her about taking a leap into an uncertain future. Yet, three hours earlier I’d leapt, and now she was asking me to do this story.

Without hesitating, I said, “Yes,” then filled her in on my day.

A few weeks earlier, I’d listened to Harvard sociologist and author Sara Lawrence-Lightfoot talk about her book, *Exit: The Endings That Set Us Free*. Pondering my own exit, I’d typed as fast as my fingers could travel across my iPhone’s keys, catching only phrases: “We move across the life cycle. Tug of war, progression and regression. A bold moment and blurred journey. Tilt to beginnings, undertow with exits.”

Exits happen to all of us, and how we make them matters. But so, too, does the door through which we choose to reenter. Is it one we know will take us toward familiar ground? Or do we choose one that opens into a place we’ve never been, where we’ve wanted to explore? Opening that second door is what sets reinvention apart from transition, and such journeys are ones that Wellesley College graduates recounted when they replied to an invitation sent to alumnae by *Wellesley* magazine on Facebook and LinkedIn. Their remembrances of exits made and paths forged form this article’s spine.

For some, jobs deserted them. Others deserted theirs, by choice or circumstance. Or as their children found their places in the world, mothers changed their life courses, too. Or as marriages dissolved, women’s dependable scaffolding tumbled down, so they set out to build structures to sustain themselves. Or reinvention stemmed from illness, their own or a loved one’s, and forced reshaping of ambition and a reimagining of their lives. Regrets are voiced for a road not taken, yet when it is rejoined, women describe with joy what it feels like to put fresh footprints on paths of passionate interest abandoned long ago.

What does it take “to jump off the bridge,” as Carol Cheswick Wilson ’80 describes doing at the age of 51? That’s when she resigned from her job as an investment manager with a family business in Connecticut. She’d slid into banking soon after graduating with an art-history and political-science major and had stayed on that road despite being unhappy in her work. In the year after she jumped, she was certified as a life coach and now guides women “who put themselves last on the list.” She knows too well what it feels like when women “spend too much time meeting the expectations of others at a significant cost to ourselves.” Now, Wilson says, “I’m much poorer and much happier, even if [getting here] was scary when I did it—and

is still scary.” Scary, perhaps, but she also describes feelings that surface when women summon the courage to jump: “Joyful, empowered, enlightened, and excited.” Those are feelings we’d all like to experience.

Reinvention pushes at us often from the inside out. Bonnie Downes Leonard ’59 found this out when, in her 40s, she sent her two sons off to college. After years of being a divorced single parent and a full-time university professor, she realized it was time to hit her own reset button. With the financial support of a Mary Elvira Stevens Traveling Fellowship from Wellesley, she set off on her global “midlife voyage.”

“Unbeknownst to me at the time, I was caught up in a powerful midlife transition. My outer life seemed to be flourishing,” she says, “but my inner life was in more turmoil than I was prepared to acknowledge.” Restless in her job, she was also weary at home. “I seriously underestimated the impact of my emptying nest,” she says. Traveling on her own to places where she knew no one forced Leonard to confront her turmoil. “I was plunged into an almost existential loneliness, so much that I had to call on a courage and resilience I didn’t know I had,” she says. “In time, I learned a world could exist where I was no longer a full-time mother.”

Her yearlong trip over, Leonard embarked on a two-year job search, ending in her appointment as the dean of continuing education at Wellesley. Nineteen years later, she was ready to audition for Act Three of her life, so she adapted what she’d learned from the older returning students she’d counseled: “One midlife crisis may not be the last time you have to reinvent yourself.” So, she did it again, like Wilson choosing the life of a coach for women in transition. Now in her 70s, she’s got plenty of new challenges that are part of her reinvention, like figuring out how to run a business and to market what she has to offer. She is also writing a book; its working title is *Midlife Magic*.

Will Willis ’73 pushed through her midlife mark in the comfort zone of her corporate career. “I’d hoped to retire having done the challenging work of a corporate lawyer,” she says. Instead, she describes herself as “a non-intentionally retired 61-year-old who is learning to be an entrepreneur.” An African-American woman, Willis confronted what she perceived to be “a pattern and practice of employment discrimination” in her former job. Finally, she decided to take a stand to right what she saw as wrong; she filed a legal case that drags on without resolution.

“There is a high price to be paid for taking a stand, so you therefore need to reinvent yourself,” she says. Divorced, raising three sons, and selling her Evanston, Ill., home of 21 years because she can no longer afford it, Willis says she feels adrift and depleted of her usual emotional resources. “Just putting this in writing and thinking about all of it now has me in tears!” she writes in an email. “This doesn’t feel like it should be real! How strong must I be!”

Plenty strong, given that her 20-year-old son had been hospitalized

the week before, as a result of bipolar disorder with schizophrenic features. “I think the move is one factor for him,” she says. “This is the only home he has known.” Her 22-year-old son is trying to return to college after his studies were “disrupted by my litigation and my career upheaval,” she says. She plans to move to Chicago, where she has never lived, and sell real estate, work she has never done. Her youngest son, a senior in high school, isn’t moving with her, instead remaining with friends to attend his suburban high school. To ease her stress, she sought the company of “Wellesley sisters,” needing “the relaxation and nurturing of being with them,” as she draws on “strength I didn’t anticipate needing or think I actually possessed.”

“I’m going to stay as positive as I can through this period,” Willis wrote one night. “Wonderful things can happen.”

One thousand miles away in Needham, Mass., Risa Greendlinger ’86 is also confronting a reinvention not of her choosing. But hers is anchored by a sturdy marriage and uninterrupted by the need to move from her family’s home. “I’ve reinvented myself many times before, and I’m confident that I can and will reinvent myself again,” she writes. “But this time is the hardest because my new role leaves me exposed to my own worst nightmares.”

Instead of going to a paid job, as has been her practice and desire since before she’d graduated from college, Greendlinger is at home, jobless, and turning down offers she’d like to take. “Our younger daughter suffers from a profound and pervasive depression, along with other anxiety disorders,” she explains. “And I do know that love is not enough to address mental-health issues.” One parent’s availability and undivided attention are what Greendlinger and her husband believe is essential right now, so together they decided she’d be the one to leave her job. “I am the one best suited to step away from paid work,” she explains, describing her now full-time, nonpaying job as “bolstering the therapeutic resources.”

Yet, Greendlinger is keenly aware of the toll this arrangement may take on her own life. “At age 48, these are peak years for realizing or even putting into play my own dreams, like starting a business,” she says. “But I am coming to terms with my limits and conflicting needs primarily by praying for a long life while trying my best to improve my own physical and mental health.” Her nightmares arise out of a sense of her own vulnerabilities despite great advantages that her education, job history, and family confer on her. “There is a large sense of vulnerability for me in not having my own income, my own area of recognized expertise,” she writes. “The nightmares continue because I never wanted to live my life through my children. With my focus on them, I hope I savor their accomplishments without needing to claim them as my own. Nor do I want to take on their struggles as the definition of my own success or failure.”

It was children in faraway places, and not her own children, that resulted in Maureen Mahoney-Barracough '74 studying for her final exam in anatomy and physiology on her 60th birthday. Now in her second semester of a two-year graduate program in occupational therapy, Mahoney-Barracough's reinvention was launched at her 30th reunion in 2004.

During the decade after her graduation from Wellesley, she had earned a master's degree in geology/geophysics and had a job exploring geothermal energy. Then she'd paused to raise two sons, intending to return. Soon artistic endeavors and civic activities were filling a space that Mahoney-Barracough wanted to expand. She wasn't sure how until that 2004 Wellesley reunion dinner, when she learned about her classmate Ellen Cooper's work as a physician in Africa trying to prevent mother-child transmission of HIV. The two of them decided to transform this medical work into visual stories; Mahoney-Barracough would shoot video and photographs of Cooper with the women and children.

Though this project ultimately didn't come together, Mahoney-Barracough went on her own to South Africa and Uganda to tell women's "stories of courage." After the 2010 Haitian earthquake, she traveled there as part of a medical mission and performed art therapy with children injured in the earthquake. "I was inspired and impressed with how art therapy worked with them. I wanted to be professionally trained to help in this way on future projects everywhere," she writes in an email. To do this meant returning to school just as her older son

was completing his graduate program, her younger son was beginning his, and her husband was contemplating retirement.

Now as she prepares her thesis project, "Arts in Medicine," Mahoney-Barracough finds that she is "weaving together my passion for art and science." She revels in knowing her experiences "have been converging to this point all of my life."

"It's the same path I was on when I entered Wellesley intending to major in art history, the same path I was on when I was changing diapers, the same path I was on as a geologist when I stood on the edge of an active volcano," she says. "Transition doesn't change the path—it changes the view. And right now the view is beautiful."



For Anne Conley Weaver '67, majoring in music at Wellesley pushed the sciences aside. As a child she'd gone on hospital rounds with her father, who was director of hematology at Johns Hopkins, and she assumed that one day she'd be a nurse like her mother and two aunts.

Instead, she became a professional flutist and choir director, soon after graduation married her high-school boyfriend, and together with him raised their family in Western Massachusetts. Then, at the

'It's the same path I was on when I entered Wellesley intending to major in art history, the same path I was on when I was changing diapers, the same path I was on as a geologist when I stood on the edge of an active volcano. Transition doesn't change the path—it changes the view. And right now the view is beautiful.'

—Maureen Mahoney-Barracough '74, on her reinvention as an occupational therapist



age of 44, Weaver was diagnosed with breast cancer. “Being back in the medical environment triggered something in me,” she says. Weaver wrote about her cancer experience and gave those thoughts to her doctor to give to patients. She later began to volunteer at the hospital. “I felt like a fish being back in water,” she says.

She also began to talk incessantly about her budding interest in medicine with her harp partner, Joyce Berry Rice ’61. One day, Rice pushed back, telling her, in so many words, “to stop talking about it and go for it.” Weaver barreled ahead, despite slim chances of being admitted at her age and her father’s efforts to persuade her not to try.

“He was horrified,” she says. His concern stemmed from when he’d served on the Hopkins admission committee; applicants were in their 20s and male, not females in their late 40s. He recalled, too, his grueling years of training.

After taking the requisite premed courses at nearby universities and colleges, she scored high on the MCAT and was accepted early at

University of Massachusetts Medical School, a program with a reputation for accepting nontraditional students. In her class, six students were over 40; she was the oldest at 48. By this time, her father’s push-back had turned into praise.

For her, the toughest part of medical school was living apart from her husband for the first time in their long marriage, but once she entered her dual residency in internal medicine and pediatrics, she was able to move back home. On the day after her residency ended, “I opened up my practice in Amherst, complete with electronic medical records, and I’m not a techie,” she says.

What surprises Weaver most about her midlife reinvention is not being a flutist who became a doctor later in life. That felt natural, she says, as though “a latent seed had always been in me.” It is becoming a businesswoman who built a medical practice that employs 10 others. “There were not a lot of business genes in my family,” she says.



‘My advice to people who are embarking on a career or other life change is this: Shore up your defenses before starting. Hopefully you won’t need them, but if you do, you’re prepared.’

—Sarah Reinertsen ’99

Blogging is a route some women take when approaching reinvention. It’s a way of redistributing their emotional load, sharing their ups and downs with those who interact with them. In her blog, *Finding My Career Sweet Spot* at 50, Deborah Brody Hamilton ’84 wrote about her job-hunting experiences “as my way of processing things,” and then she was surprised by how many people related and responded to what she was going through. She vented her frustration when layers of interviews for a job ended in disappointment, and then the seemingly endless and unproductive cycle would begin again. When on a networking visit she received an unexpected job offer, she happily downsized her ambition and, as she says, “left the prestigious jobs” she’d once held to others. In mid-January, heading back to work, in a blog post she titled “My Unexpected Journey,” Hamilton described her experience as “just all part of a ‘new normal,’ the churning of the workplace.”

Sarah Reinertsen ’99 started blogging when she left Australia after working there for nine years and slamming up against her discontent with banking jobs that grew out of her major in economics. As she headed home, change was in the offing, but she took a circuitous 14-month route of travel through places like Nepal’s mountains. So she started her blog “to let my mother know I was still alive.” Her subsequent entries describe her path to culinary school at age 33, and she points to a November 2010 blog post entitled “There’s No Use Crying Over Split Hollandaise” for a metaphor for her reinvention.

When her hollandaise dissolved into a “great, soupy mess” during a big test, she dissolved inconsolably into tears—in front of the chef and class. “I had heaped all my future happiness on this one egg, in this one basket, and the shocking realization that it may not come out perfectly—despite knowing by now that life doesn’t come out perfectly, or at least as you expect it—hit all at once.” She graduated from culinary school, fulfilling a lifelong ambition, but has never worked professionally in a kitchen. After a short stint as the COO of a tech startup involving food, in the spring of 2012 she moved to a new city

where she’s looked for a job “along the lines of what I used to do.” And she adds, “It’s not going particularly well.” Her years of travel and cooking school do not fit snugly on her résumé, but still she says, “I know that I’ll be OK and that I’ll never regret my year of travel or the year at culinary school. I took a risk that didn’t pay off in the way I quite expected it to, but it doesn’t mean it won’t.”

Out of Reinertsen’s journey emerge life lessons. “My advice to people who are embarking on a career or other life change is this: Shore up your defenses before starting. Hopefully you won’t need them, but if you do, you’re prepared.”

Perhaps at our exits, such shoring up begins. Departures set into motion a process that is in play even at that moment—one of beginning to locate the door through which we’ll enter when we’re ready to try. Inspired by Sara Lawrence-Lightfoot’s talk, I read her book, and I found words there that were with me as I explored this territory between our exits and entrances, a place called reinvention.

Here’s how Lawrence-Lightfoot describes the moment when she knew “I’m out of here:”

The moment when confusion turned to certainty, doubt to clarity, hemming and hawing to tough resolve; when complexity and opacity seemed to become transparently simple; when I stopped making lists of the pros and cons, the opportunities and liabilities, and decided instead to take the leap of faith.

Her words resonate with those of us on the cusp of reinvention, waiting for the moment when we find clarity of purpose and meaning rising within us, giving us the courage to leap.

Melissa Ludtke ’73 lives in Cambridge, Mass., and is the author of On Our Own: Unmarried Motherhood in America. She is writing her second book, a memoir of her life during the 1970s.

In Their Own Words

An author and preservationist.
A feminist scholar and cultural historian.
A journalist and producer.
A pediatric fetal surgeon.



The recipients of the 2013 Alumnae Achievement Awards,
Wellesley's highest honor, share insights and discuss
the twists and turns of their lives—the paths that brought them
to the successes the College is celebrating today.

BARBARA LUBIN GOLDSMITH '53

MARILYN KOENICK YALOM '54

CALLIE CROSSLEY '73

DIANA FARMER '77



Good on Paper

BARBARA LUBIN GOLDSMITH '53

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD HOWARD

EXCERPTED FROM AN INTERVIEW BY SARAH LIGON '03

I had written before I ever went to Wellesley. I just loved to write. But I did not think my freshman English class was very productive, so I went to the famous [class dean] Jeanette McPherrin in tears and said, “I just can’t be an English major. I’m going to lose my voice. I’m not quite 18, but I know one thing and that is when I write, it’s in my voice. It’s a unique voice, and I don’t want to write properly and be rapped over the knuckles every time I deviate from the norm.”

So I ended up as an art-history major, and in that way, when I came out of Wellesley, I not only felt I still could have a voice, but then I got a job at *Art News*. The two things just clicked beautifully, because I loved art, and I was given a job to write about it.

That was in the ’50s, ’60s, and I knew all these artists very, very well, because I was writing about them. Roy Lichtenstein, Andy Warhol, Rauschenberg, Johns, Marcel Breuer, I.M. Pei, Picasso. You know you’ve hit the right job when it isn’t like a job.

My first book about the art world, *The Straw Man*, was fiction, because I felt it would hurt a lot of people if I used their real names. Truman Capote wrote that it’s one of the best fictions that he’d read—“*if it is fiction.*” And so my second book was my first nonfiction book.

If you’re writing nonfiction, as I do, you have to research like crazy. It’s the stuff you do not use that informs the book. You should throw away 99 percent for the one thing that catches. For example, in *Little Gloria ... Happy at Last*, I wrote that when Cornelius Vanderbilt was dying, they emptied every stable in New York and put the chips all over Fifth Avenue so he wouldn’t hear the vehicles rolling by under his window as he died. Then they closed the stock market for four days because he was the richest man in America, and the markets went into turmoil. That’s a good detail, but then you say that he left a \$100 million fortune when Civil War veterans were getting \$4 a month, and it puts that detail into perspective.

Every book I write takes a historical period and brings it to life, and then I get one character that’s usually like the locomotive that pulls the whole train of all this history. So a book like *Other Powers* tells you everything you need to know about the women’s movement from Seneca Falls on down through the life of one person: Victoria Woodhull.

I would like to spend all my time writing, but I do feel the imperative of helping, and that came from my family, which was very philanthropic. My dad was like a Horatio Alger story. He was an impoverished kid from the Lower East Side, and by 40, he was chairman of the board of Pepsi-Cola. He believed in a kind of quid pro quo, that if you have it, you have to give back.

And he had a little sign over his desk that read: “When the committees are through, do it yourself.” That was what I thought when I did this campaign for permanent paper. It cost the same as paper that deteriorated in 30 years, but it lasted 300 years. And I thought, “Why wasn’t someone getting publishers and writers aware of this?”

So I was the head of the committee that got \$20 million a year for the National Endowment for the Humanities to continue this work, and also helped pass a law requiring that all government documents of any value now be printed on acid-free paper. But it has taken years and years and years. You can imagine what it took to get that \$20 million from the government. We would go down to Washington with famous writers—Arthur Miller and Joseph Brodsky—and wake up the senators who were sitting there reading their *Washington Post*.

Another example is that I started the PEN Freedom to Write prize that went to somebody who had disappeared, was in jail, or was persecuted because of his or her writing. And then I contacted all the media and said, “I want you to come to this dinner. I want you to write it up. I want a big spotlight on this.” And they all accommodated. Now with the Freedom to Write prize, we have had 39 winners, and 36 of them got out [of prison] within four months, or were rediscovered and then got out, or were shipped out of the hospital they were dying in. It’s saving lives and saving paper.

If you have a passion, you are very, very lucky. And if you don’t, you should try everything until you hit on something that you know should belong to you. I have a passion for writing, and I have a passion for not seeing our cultural heritage, as Orwell said, go down the “memory hole.” It could do that if people don’t honor the past.

Sarah Ligon '03 is a writer and editor living in Edmonton, Canada.

In Short: Barbara Lubin Goldsmith '53

Award-winning author:
Obsessive Genius: The Inner World of Marie Curie; Other Powers: The Age of Suffrage, Spiritualism, and the Scandalous Victoria Woodhull; Little Gloria ... Happy at Last; and others

❖
Cofounder of *New York* magazine, senior editor at *Harper's Bazaar*, and writer for the *New Yorker*, the *New York Times*, and *Vanity Fair*

❖
Founder of the PEN/Barbara Goldsmith Freedom to Write Award

❖
Successfully lobbied for the adoption of acid-free paper as a publishing standard and for the passage of the US Permanent Paper Law

❖
Philanthropist who has endowed conservation facilities at the New York Public Library, Wellesley, and other institutions

EXCERPTED FROM AN INTERVIEW BY KAREN GRIGSBY BATES '73

I grew up in Washington, D.C., I developed a passion for literature early in life, and my high-school French teacher tapped me as someone who would continue the tradition of going not just to a fine women's college but of going to Wellesley, because it had the best French department.

It was 1950, and it was the first time I had ever taken a trip north of New Jersey, and it was a mecca, as far as I was concerned. It was beautiful. It was demanding. I found the perfect place for me to have passed my college years. I went to France in my junior year. I really and truly loved it.

My fiancé, Irving Yalom, and I married the way one did in those days, which was right out of college, in June, and we went to Europe that summer for two months. And when I came back, I was pregnant. So I was right on schedule.

I started graduate school at Harvard, and it took me two years to get a master's, and in that time, I had two babies. It was juggling. It was totally foolhardy, and the next six years, I was in graduate school, following my husband about. I had three children at that point, a fourth one much later. I would not recommend that to young people today.

I just pushed through. New York, that was the hardest year, because I was [working toward a doctorate at Columbia], taking four courses, teaching two, and my husband was an intern who was coming home every other night. When I look back on that, I think it was just a kind of a foolhardy way of managing career and family. But you know, we just did it.

I went into marriage at the time when that was it. And even if divorce was available, you didn't think of that as a real option. Don't think that it was always easy. Don't think that I didn't think at times, "Oh my God, I want out, I want to be somewhere else. I want another life."

But it was also very rewarding to be with someone who was the witness of your life, and with whom you had a real partnership—someone, in my case, whom I'd known since I was 14 and who really believed that my career, that my interests, were important. We really shared a life in which I contributed to his success and he contributed to mine. And we continue to do so.

We came to Stanford in 1962, because my husband was offered a position in the department of psychiatry. And I assumed that with the degrees I had and the success I had had at graduate school, in teaching at the University of Hawaii, I would find a position at Stanford. And when I spoke to the head of the French department, he said, "We don't hire faculty wives." That was in 1962, '63. I was just about to get my Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins with distinction, and that was such a slap in the face!

Instead, I took a job of a less prestigious nature in a newly formed state college, and I went up the ladder very quickly there. I noticed that there were a lot of women like me who were what I would call geographical prisoners. We had come there because of our husbands.

I think that I became a feminist through my daughter. She came back to Stanford, after graduating from Wesleyan. And she pointed out to me that the women in the class got called on after the men. This was already the 1970s, and she noticed that. And I was dumbfounded.

[In 1976, Stanford did hire Yalom as deputy director of its Institute for Research on Women and Gender, where, apparently, her being a faculty wife was not an issue.]

We created a feminist-studies program at Stanford. It was a time of really developing awareness of women's issues. I think Wellesley prepared me for a world of women, and so when I went to the center at Stanford, it felt very right and natural.

I've written seven or eight books and edited another half dozen, and if I look at them and ask, what is it that has propelled me from one book to the next, I guess it is, once again, the written word, because I write the way I breathe. For the first half of my career, I was focusing on the writing of others. And the second half of my career, I dared to be the writer. That particular belief in the power of the pen has been with me right up until now. I keep thinking, "Oh my God, it's time to stop." My husband also, who's a much better-known writer than I am, you know, we keep looking at each other and saying, "You know, isn't it time to stop?"

And then we get up and go to our computers in the morning, and we write.

Karen Grigsby Bates '73 is a Los Angeles-based correspondent for NPR News.

In Short: Marilyn Koenick Yalom '54

Senior scholar, Institute for Research on Women and Gender/Clayman Institute for Gender Research, Stanford University (1987–present)



Deputy director, Institute for Research on Women and Gender; lecturer, Modern Thought and Literature Program, Stanford University (1976–1987)



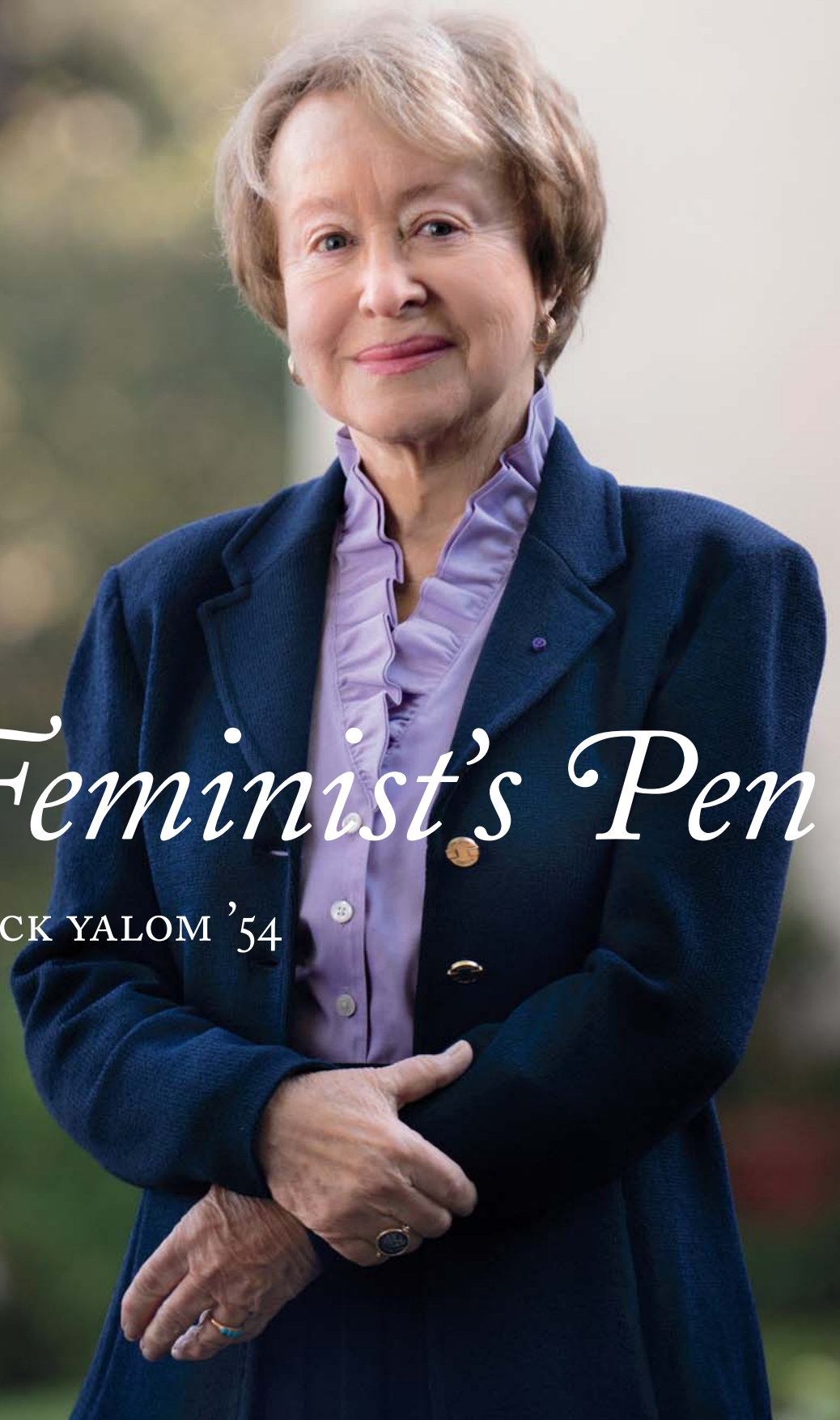
Officier des Palmes Académiques, awarded by the French Government



Resident, Rockefeller Research and Conference Center, Bellagio, Italy



Author of *The American Resting Place: 400 Years of History Through Our Cemeteries and Burial Grounds*; *A History of the Wife*; *A History of the Breast*, among others



The Feminist's Pen

MARILYN KOENICK YALOM '54



*A Voice
for the Unheard*

CALLIE CROSSLEY '73

EXCERPTED FROM AN INTERVIEW BY JENNIFER VANASCO '94

Nineteen of us integrated my high school in Memphis. The NAACP was filing a lawsuit and looking for students who would be guinea pigs and go to the school. They specifically wanted students who had no academic issues. And I was part of the youth council for the NAACP.

I didn't have a real sense of the fear my parents had about my personal safety until the first day of school. My dad drove me, and I'm about to get out of the car, and he grabbed my arm and said, "Listen, if anybody touches you, I want you to shove them into the lockers and run." It dawned on me: Oh my God, he is really scared.

Nobody physically attacked me. There was a bully in my history class who was verbally, nastily abusive. Maybe he was all mouth, but it was horrible.

But I always have been interested in the written word and in storytelling, and I wrote for the high-school newspaper. I was the first African-American to get a column there. And so that was it.

My goal was, anywhere north of Memphis has just got to be better. Wellesley was a whole other world for me. It was exciting, and there were so many different kinds of people. Wellesley was featured in *Ebony* magazine for the large class of 30 African-American students there before we came. We were in awe of them.

My senior year, I applied for some [jobs] and thank goodness, I didn't get [them], because I had to go back to Memphis and think about what I should be doing.

My dad said, "You have three months to not work anywhere, and then you're going to get a paper route, because anybody can get a paper route." And you had to know my father—I would have had a paper route. So coming up on the third month, desperation kicking in, I thought of a bold plan. I talked my way into my first job [at a local TV news station] in Memphis, using skills I learned at Wellesley. I got into the audition lineup [for a job as a reporter]. I was pretty bad, but I was poised. Got the job. Part-time, three months, full-time after that, the rest is history.

Later, I moved to WGBH in Boston, where the stories were a little longer, but I thought, "Gee, I'm doing local news, and it just goes into the ether at the end of the day." I came back from my Nieman Fellowship to the

same job, and there on the desk was a magazine I had never read before that said some guy was trying to do a series about the Civil Rights movement. No name, no town. I thought, I'm a reporter, I should be able to figure this out. I don't even know what piece of information I started with, but long story short, I figured out it was Henry Hampton [of Blackside, Inc., which produced *Eyes on the Prize*]. So I call him up ... and I went to the interview. I got the Telex when I was in Africa asking if I wanted the job.

That's how I got *Eyes on the Prize*, one of the high points of my career. I came out of it understanding how important history is, particularly when it's told with many voices. We felt so privileged to get the stories from these people, some of whom I honestly believe hung on until we got there, because a lot of them died almost immediately after we interviewed them. So it felt like you were a chosen vessel for them. And that was a pretty important responsibility. *Eyes on the Prize* was really my legacy.

I think that journalism is an opportunity to tell the truth about communities. And when I say that, I mean the whole truth. We still see, unfortunately, so many times the story is told, but not everybody's voice is in it. When I was at 20/20, I'd say, "Let's make sure these stories reflect all manner of different people. There's no reason why the generic family in anybody's lifestyle story can't be black or of color." I'm the one pointing out, why did we have a conversation about female contraception with 15 men? That doesn't make sense. One of the things I'm proudest of on my radio show is that from the beginning, I said I'm not using the usual suspects. That's tough, because the usual suspects in Boston are pretty good. But other people we don't know about are great.

It's OK to understand that once you leave Wellesley, there are going to be twists and turns that look as though they have no connection. But now that I look back, there was always a through line. And that through line for me was that I wanted to tell a story. I want other people to hear the stories and the voices of so many who were not included before. I want to expand the discussion. And I think I have done that at every turn in my career. That's a pretty good achievement, I think.

Jennifer Vanasco '94 is a freelance writer in New York City.

In Short: Callie Crossley '73

Broadcast journalist, host of a weekly public-radio talk show on Boston's WGBH 89.7 FM, *Under the Radar*

Producer of two hours of *Eyes on the Prize*, the series on the US Civil Rights movement, for which she received an Oscar nomination (Best Documentary), a National News Emmy, a Peabody Award, a Christopher, a Cine Golden Eagle, and an Edward R. Murrow Award

Awarded the Alfred I. duPont-Columbia Award (Gold Baton), the broadcast equivalent of a Pulitzer Prize

Nieman Fellow, Nieman Foundation for Journalism at Harvard, and Institute of Politics Fellow, Kennedy School of Government, Harvard University

Former producer at ABC News' 20/20

Radio and TV commentator

EXCERPTED FROM AN INTERVIEW BY AMY MAYER '94

It never occurred to me, growing up, that there was something I couldn't do because I was a girl. And that came first from my mother and father, but Wellesley reinforced all of that, too. I studied what I really liked and what was really fun—marine biology. Also, I sang in the church choir, and I remember sitting in the chapel and looking up at the saying *Non Ministrari sed Ministrare*. Still today, almost every day, I feel this compunction to help, to serve.

Wellesley ultimately influenced what I did in another way: In 1976, Wellesley nominated me for a Rhodes Scholarship. Nominations were by home state, so I was driving from Boston to Idaho for the interview and got in a car accident in Iowa. The doctors there told me I couldn't get on a plane. At the time, I just thought, if the doctor says I can't get on a plane, I can't. There was no questioning that. So I missed the interview, and the Rhodes opportunity was gone.

That car accident is what really got me interested in medicine. The ethical issues around medical decision-making first attracted me, but after medical school I decided I wanted to do trauma surgery. Surgery is competitive, and I was not the best medical student. Not by a long shot. And then the Wellesley connection came to fruition again.

Wellesley nominated me for a Luce scholarship. Unlike other professions, a Luce scholarship doesn't necessarily enhance a medical career. Several surgeons told me it was too flaky to go away for a year. Although I did get advice from one surgeon, who I'll always be grateful to, who said, "This is an amazing opportunity. Go ahead, and we'll figure it out when you get back."

I went to Singapore. I had wanted to be an academic surgeon, so I ended up at the University of Singapore Department of Surgery. But after a while, I realized it was crazy to be in Asia doing Western medicine. So in the second half of the year, I trained with a Chinese medicine physician and became a certified acupuncturist.

But I came back to the University of Washington for a general surgery internship. I did a pediatric surgery rotation, and what really interested me was the technical challenge. It's one of the most competitive of the surgical subspecialties because, happily, most children don't need operations. I went to work with the two pediatric

surgeons who were just starting fetal surgery. At first, pediatric surgery was frustrating because, even after surgery, the babies often died. So the pioneers of fetal surgery began thinking, What if we fixed [the problem] before birth? Once the basics were worked out in sheep models, many more challenges were worked out in primates. It was inspiring and fun and amazing, and I got to be part of the early days of it.

Fetal surgery is still very controversial. Some people say we're violating the sanctity of the womb. Or we're putting the life of the fetus over the life of the mother. Until the issue of spina bifida, fetal surgery had only been done for fatal fetal defects. It was considered too much risk for the mother. But as we got better at it, and there were no maternal deaths, it occurred to me that maybe spina bifida was the next target. We conducted a trial to treat spina bifida prenatally and found the results so encouraging that the trial was stopped early. But even though these babies ultimately fared better than babies we operated on after birth, they are still typically paralyzed. So there's still a long way to go.

Looking back on my initial interest in medical ethics and decision-making, I can say that I've always been very, very cognizant of the fact that at the end of the day, we all have a right to self-determination. So a field with very nondirective counseling—saying to a patient, this is not right for everyone, so you decide what's best for you—proved a good fit for me. I never want to take hope away from anybody.

Every once in a while, things happen in medicine that are very hard to explain. Here's one example: I was taking care of a newborn on a heart-lung machine. And I really got to know her parents. I always do. The parents were very vulnerable, like all of them are. But standing at the bedside of this baby—I remember this so clearly—I was shaking a finger at her saying, "You had better make it because we put so much effort into you." And she got better the next day. It was the weirdest thing... so bizarre. I'm sure it was a total coincidence, but I will never forget that. It just emphasizes that medicine is as much an art as it is a science... and it is fabulously rewarding.

Amy Mayer '94 is a reporter for Iowa Public Radio in Ames, Iowa.

In Short: Diana Farmer '77

First female fetal surgeon



Second American woman inducted into the Royal College of Surgeons of England



Elected to the Institute of Medicine of the National Academies of Science



Author and principal investigator of the "MOMS" trial—the first multisite study of fetal surgery—and winner of the 2012 Clinical Trial of the Year Award, Society of Clinical Trials in Medicine



Awarded the Gold Headed Cane Award and Holly Smith Award for Exceptional Service at the University of California, San Francisco



Founding director of Global Surgery Programs at University of California, San Francisco and UC, Davis



Advocate for children's health care and nontraditional surgical careers for young women



The Birth of Fetal Surgery

DIANA FARMER '77

THE WHOLE PICTURE



A student dancer, 1977



***A junior seeks
—and finds—
photographs of students
of color from
Wellesley's history***

By Alice M. Hummer

Photos courtesy of Wellesley College Archives

MEREDYTH GRANGE '14 makes no bones about it: She is “a huge, huge history nerd.”

It's not surprising, then, that she was attracted to a college where traditions like Flower Sunday flourish and stone steps bear the marks of generations of footsteps. Early on in her Wellesley career, she was drawn to the vintage photographs she encountered around campus, but she soon noticed a striking absence in those pictures: students of color.

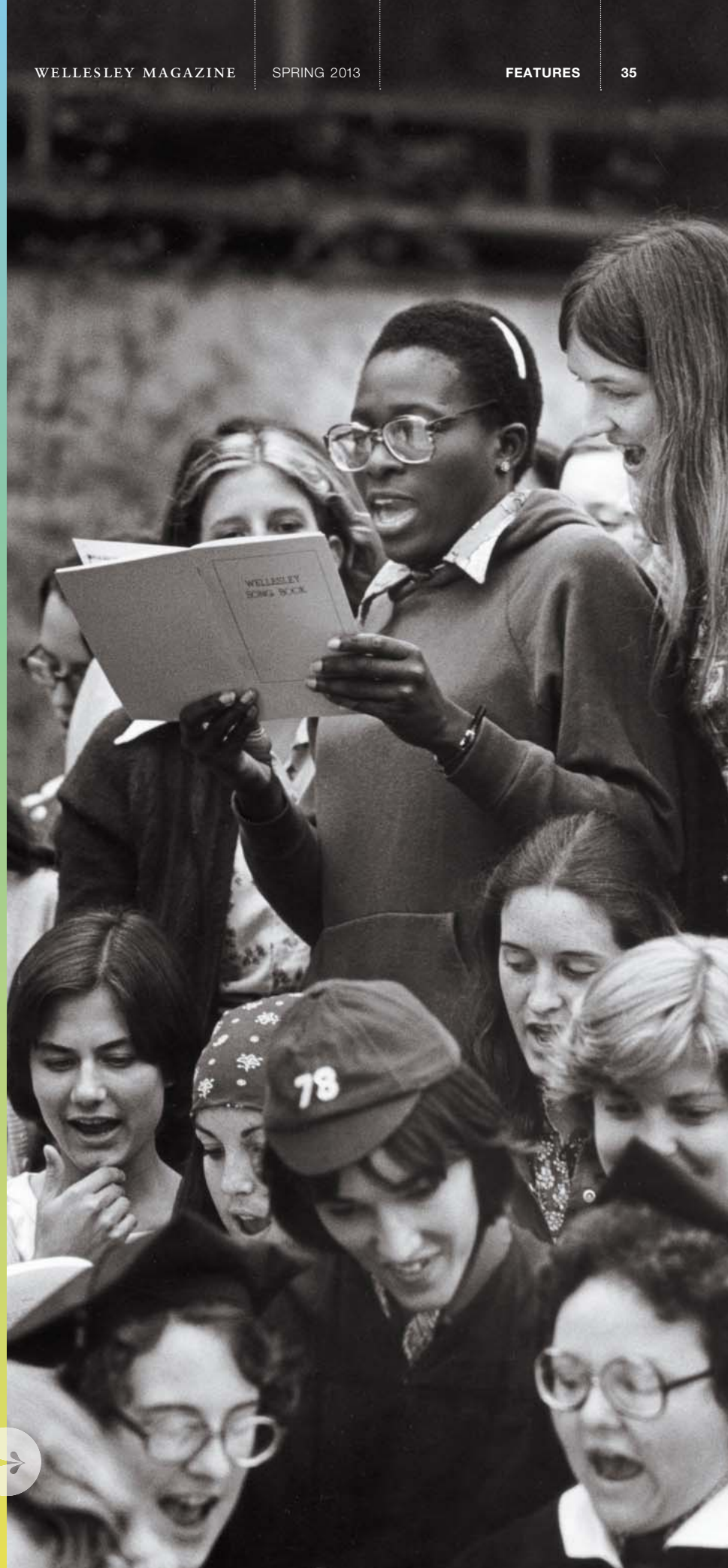
“I had just assumed, as most people do, that since we never see students of color in these pictures that we just did not have any ethnic or racial diversity in our student body until relatively recently,” says Grange. That, in fact, was not entirely the case.

As historian of Ethos several years ago, she spent many hours in the College archives. There, she discovered photos from all eras featuring students of color—from an 1880s portrait of Wellesley's first international student from Japan to images of students roller-skating during Spring Weekend in the 1980s.

When Grange became multicultural affairs coordinator for College Government last spring, she made a simple proposal to the CG cabinet: reproduce some of the photographs and hang them around campus, so students of color could see that they were part of Wellesley's history. The cabinet took it a step further and suggested Grange mount an exhibit.

The result was last fall's *Mosaic: A Photo Exhibit of Wellesley Students of Color From the 1920s–1980s*. In selecting the images, Grange looked for scenes that would resonate with students today—from move-in day to political protests to a cappella groups. She also included *Wellesley News* articles to paint a more complete picture.

Stepsinging, 1978





The Wellesley Widows, 1953

***‘Knowing the history of a community
that you’re part of is a really, really important part
of feeling like you belong to that community.’***

—Meredyth Grange '14



A member of Mezcla, 1976

“To represent these students as having perfect Wellesley experiences would be irresponsible,” Grange says. “The truth is, the more research I did, the more I realized that their Wellesley experiences were quite complex. They certainly gained a lot of opportunities from attending Wellesley, made friends, and participated in a lot of student activities, but they also faced racism and xenophobia from their peers and professors while here.”

Students turned out for the exhibit in large numbers last semester, and the photos provoked discussion—Where was that shot taken? Who were those young women, and what were they doing?—and much appreciation. Many were so moved to know that such photos existed that they began to cry. But for Grange, the impact of the exhibit can be summed up in one moment: A student approached her asking for more information about a shot of “a very striking young woman of South Asian descent who was just sitting and looking away from the camera.” When Grange asked why the student wanted to know about that image in particular, she responded, “Because she looks a lot like me, and I just wanted to know her name.”

The interaction, she says, illustrates how much students value seeing faces that look like theirs in the recorded history of their community. For the history nerd, the moment set a stamp of “mission accomplished” on the exhibit, which will remain, she says, “one of the best things I have ever worked on at Wellesley.”

Photographs from Mosaic will be hung around campus in coming months. Many of them can be viewed at bit.ly/16h3Ho9.

Alice Hummer is editor of Wellesley magazine.

Styling Afros, 1969



***Princess Radianl,*
a play presented
by Japanese students
in 1924**



WCAA

News and information from the worldwide network of the Wellesley College Alumnae Association

From the WCAA president

Get Your Competitive Game On: Participate

AS PRESIDENT of the Wellesley College Alumnae Association, I am honored to be leading an organization of 36,000 members who share the bond of having studied at one of the finest institutions in the world. The WCAA is dedicated to supporting you and your connection to other alumnae and to the College long after you leave our beautiful campus. Whether you attend a regional club event, receive a class newsletter, join a reunion weekend, or browse this award-winning *Wellesley* magazine, you are participating in the WCAA and living out our purpose and mission.

You may not realize that alumnae participation in annual giving—considered a sign of alumnae satisfaction—is one factor used to determine overall school rankings. Today, Wellesley College ranks sixth in the *U.S. News & World Report* rankings. Our participation rate, though, ranks only ninth, behind Bowdoin, Amherst, Swarthmore, Middlebury, Williams, Carleton, Haverford, and Claremont McKenna.

I am a competitive person. I hate to see Wellesley ranked lower than it should be because of a factor alumnae can influence.

Remember, alumnae participation is not about how *much* we give but about how *many* of us give. If you are one of the many who have already supported the Wellesley Fund this year, thank you. If you have not, or are not sure whether you have, I hope this will spur you into action. In doing so, you join those who have done their part in keeping Wellesley and its reputation strong—not only for now, but also for the many women who will one day join us.

—Karen E. Williamson '69, WCAA president



Karen E. Williamson '69
WCAA President

RICHARD HOWARD

2013 Alumnae Calendar

The Alumnae Association announces the following events for 2013. For more information, call the Alumnae Office at 781-283-2331.

MAY

29

Senior lunch and induction into the WCAA

JUNE

6–7

WCAA spring board of directors meeting

7–9

Reunion for classes ending in 3s and 8s

SEPTEMBER

7

Day to Make a Difference, Wellesley's worldwide community-service event

OCTOBER

6–8

Class of '76 mini-reunion in Charleston, S.C. For more information, please visit the news page of the class of '76 website. Questions: Contact Julia Cunningham at juliacutlercunningham@alum.wellesley.edu.

17–18

WCAA fall board of directors meeting

19–20

Alumnae Leadership Council



Here's to Wellesley's Founders

WHEN COLLEGE GOVERNMENT President Marjorie Cantine '13 wanted to revive Founders' Day, a long-defunct Wellesley tradition, she turned to the Alumnae Association for help. As Cantine put together a 143rd birthday celebration for the College, the WCAA solicited cards from alumnae volunteers around the world. Birthday wishes flowed in from clubs as distant as China and Israel, and from classes as senior as 1942 and as young as 2012. "Much love to our wonderful College on her 143rd birthday! May she remain a beacon for young women for another 143 years ... and beyond!" wrote one alumna. "Thanks to Henry and Pauline Durant, and our students, Wellesley is forever young," said another.

On a Wednesday night in April—the actual anniversary of the College's founding fell during spring break—students read alumnae greetings, shared their own wishes for Wellesley's future, and browsed a collection of artifacts from the early days of the College. After a rousing version of "Happy Birthday," hundreds of students lined up for one of the biggest attractions of the evening: cake.

Candidate for Alumnae Trustee, 2013–2019

JUDYANN ROLLINS BIGBY '73, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., has been nominated to serve a six-year term as an alumnae trustee, from 2013 to 2019, succeeding Nami Park '85.

A graduate of Harvard Medical School and a primary-care physician, Bigby stepped down early this year as secretary of health and human services for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. When she was tapped for that position, she was serving as medical director for the community health programs of Brigham and Women's Hospital, as associate professor at Harvard Medical School, and as director of the medical school's Center of Excellence in Women's Health.

As she left the cabinet of Massachusetts Gov. Deval Patrick, she was credited with two major achievements: implementing the state's universal health-care law and leading the charge for comprehensive delivery-system reform. As the advocacy group Health Care for All put it, "Her experience as a primary-care doctor for both rich and poor led [her] to understand how patient-centered, coordinated care can both lower costs and improve health."

Bigby is currently the Richard L. and Ronay A. Menschel Senior Leadership Fellow in the Division of Policy Translation and Leadership Development at the Harvard School of Public Health. The Alumnae Trustee Nominating Committee is proud to nominate JudyAnn Rollins Bigby '73.

2012–2015 ALUMNAE TRUSTEE NOMINATING COMMITTEE

Karen Gentleman '77, *chair*; Grace Toh '83; Karen Capriles Hodges '62; Joan Wallace-Benjamin '75; Alison Greer '87; Karen Williamson '69, *ex officio*; Susan Challenger '76, *ex officio*



RICHARD HOWARD

The WCAA bylaws charge a committee with presenting the name of an alumnae trustee candidate to the Association board and to the College board of trustees for approval. Once approved, the name is sent to the Association's membership for a vote at the WCAA's next annual meeting.

Nominations for alumnae trustee may also come from the WCAA membership. The name must be submitted by petition to the Association's secretary/treasurer prior to 60 days before the annual meeting of members. The petition must be signed by at least 1 percent of the WCAA's active membership, and signers must represent at least three different geographic Wellesley clubs registered with the WCAA. The nominee's name must be approved by the WCAA board of directors and the Wellesley College Board of Trustees before it may be presented to the membership for a vote.



This magazine is published quarterly by the Wellesley College Alumnae Association, an autonomous corporate body, independent of the College. The Association is dedicated to connecting alumnae to the College and to each other.

WCAA Board of Directors

President

Karen Williamson '69

Treasurer/Secretary

Martha Goldberg Aronson '89

Katherine Collins '90

Yolette Garcia '77

Aniella Gonzalez '93

Elisabeth Griffith '69

Georgia Murphy Johnson '75

Ginger Horne Kent '76

Suzanne Lebold '85

Elizabeth Preis '91,

chair of the Wellesley Fund

Yang Qiu '08

Patience Singleton Roach '92,

chair of Alumnae Admissions
Representatives

Jamie Scarborough '87

Cheryl Seraile '81

Shelley Sweet '67

Mei-Mei Tuan '88

Ex officio

Susan Challenger '76

Alice M. Hummer

Alumnae Trustees

Nami Park '85

Ruth Chang '81

Shelly Anand '08

Sandra Polk Guthman '65

Kristine Holland de Juniac '72

Alumnae Association Senior Staff

Executive Director

Susan Challenger '76

Director of Alumnae Events

Heather MacLean

Director of Alumnae Groups

Susan Lohin

Director of Alumnae Marketing and Communications

Liz Carey

Alumnae Office Financial Administrator

Greg Jong



Candidates for Office in the Alumnae Association

To be elected by the alumnae body at the annual meeting of the Wellesley College Alumnae Association on June 9 at 11:30 A.M. in Diana Chapman Walsh Alumnae Hall:

Director, 2013–15

Beth McKinnon '72

Washington, D.C.

Director, 2013–15

Susan Batchelder Plimpton '65

Minneapolis

Director, 2013–15

Mari Myer '83

Atlanta

Secretary/Treasurer

2013–14

Martha Goldberg Aronson '89

Minneapolis

Term Renewal

**Director/Chair,
Alumnae Admissions
Representative**

2013–15

Patience Singleton Roach '92

Washington, D.C.

Respectfully submitted,

2012–13

Nominating Committee

Mei-Mei Tuan '88, chair

Shelley Sweet '67

Aniella Gonzalez '93

Patience Singleton Roach '92

Suzanne Lebold '85

Yolette Garcia '77

Ginger Horne Kent '76



➤ Profiles from the Past

This photo of two students at commencement in 1978 was one of the images featured in last fall's *Mosaic: A Photo Exhibit of Wellesley Students of Color From the 1920s–1980s*. See p. 34 for an article about the exhibit.

Courtesy Wellesley College Archives

Kathryn Wasserman Davis '28

1907–2013



A revered and creative philanthropist, a lifelong student of Russia and all things international, a patron of the arts, and—in her later decades—a prolific painter herself and a tireless and eloquent advocate for world peace, Kathryn Wasserman Davis '28, who died on April 23 at age 106, was known and admired around the world.

But, first and foremost, she was—she is—ours.

She is ours as a distinguished and dedicated alumna, a graduate of the class of 1928, who went on for a Ph.D. and turned her dissertation into a book, *The Soviets at Geneva*, exploring the Soviet Union's relationship with the League of Nations.

She is ours as the daughter of an alumna, and the linchpin of a Wellesley dynasty. Her mother, Edith Stix Wasserman, class of 1897, was an “adventuress,” Kathryn said in an oral history, and the “greatest influence” on her life. Kathryn was born in the year of her mother's 10th Wellesley reunion. Her mother's sister, Cora, was a Wellesley graduate, in the class of 1895. Kathryn's sister Margaret was the class of 1922, and her cousin Agnes, 1924. And Kathryn's granddaughter Edith carried forward the family tradition that has (so far) spanned more than a century; Edie arrived on her grandmother's beloved campus in 2005.

Kathryn Wasserman met Shelby Cullom Davis on a train to Geneva in 1930, both destined for an international peace conference and graduate studies there. He told her he was a Princeton man. She said she didn't much like Princeton men. “He was shy,” she explained recently, and this gambit drew him out. It led, two years later, to a marriage that lasted for 62 years, until Shelby's death in 1994.

Shelby and Kathryn were friends and partners in life in all its dimensions. They raised two children, “Young Shelby” and Diana, whose growing families remained pivotal in Kathryn's long life. “Learn, earn, return,” was the credo she and Shelby evolved for themselves and then passed along through their family, enabled by the success of Shelby Cullom Davis and Company, where Kathryn served for

a time as a senior partner. Kathryn was, we believe, the first Wellesley woman to hold a seat on the New York Stock Exchange.

Kathryn and her husband were partners, too, in supporting many institutions, not least both of their alma maters. In 1975, as a birthday gift, Shelby arranged the first of their many transformative gifts to Wellesley: the Kathryn Wasserman Davis Professorship in Slavic Studies. It was a testament to the lifelong interest they shared in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe, faraway places in those days, that they hoped others would come in time to appreciate as they did.

Later on, Kathryn became an influential voice on the Wellesley College Board of Trustees—an acute, astute, and active member of the board for 18 years, from 1984 to 2002, and an engaged trustee emerita in the years thereafter. Every year, as we voted a tuition increase, she made us pause and ponder whether there wasn't *some* other way to balance the budget and remain competitive with our peers without having to increase the financial burden on students and their families. In that, as in so many other arenas, she was ahead of her time.

And she more than did *her* part to assure the College's financial health. Other than Henry Durant, who bequeathed us his estate, Kathryn is, to date, the largest individual benefactor in Wellesley's history. She and her family committed many millions to our alma mater, providing financial aid for students, supporting the College's global-education initiatives, establishing professorships in Russian economics, Slavic studies, and Asian studies and history, and naming the Davis Museum. They also provided funds to restore significant portions of the campus landscape and to rescue the campus from the invasion of

automobiles by underwriting an exquisite and self-effacing “car storage facility” to keep cars out of sight. All the experts were sure no donor would pay for a garage. But Kathryn instantly saw the connection to the sustainability of her beloved campus and stepped forward with a naming gift that cleared the way for the reclamation of Alumnae Valley. I recall the day we donned hard hats with the construction crew and the board of trustees to sign our names to a large steel beam that would stabilize the garage, a lighthearted parody of such ceremonies. We laughed together and sipped champagne.

Kathryn is ours, finally and forever, as a cherished friend. I personally will always treasure the memory of my many experiences with her. I’ll recall with enormous fondness her intelligence, her vision, her resilience, and her generous, capacious heart, surely an important factor in keeping her going at such a clip for such a very long time. She was in her late 80s when I first met her, in 1993, and she had the physical stamina and mental agility of someone half her age. In those days her normal routine included a swim, a brisk walk, a serious tennis game, a careful consideration of late-breaking news from around the world (no detail escaping her notice), a round of telephone calls to check on her far-flung causes, and a social calendar as active as the one she had kept as wife of the US ambassador to Switzerland years earlier. She was, when I met her, still skiing the

Kathryn found her greatest happiness in reaching out to others, reaching out in kindness, humility, compassion, always alive and present to each new encounter. She leaves us a shining example of a life of meaning and hope, a life well lived.



RICHARD HOWARD

Kathryn at her 75th reunion in 2003, leading the parade in an antique car with her classmates.

Swiss Alps, a favorite family activity. On the slopes, said her grandson Christopher Davis, she was “intimidating.”

Still going strong at age 95, she was joined for that birthday celebration by her friend Mikhail Gorbachev in a dramatic appearance. No one intimidated her. Five years later, in accepting the Woodrow Wilson Award for Public Service, she challenged her influential audience to “bring about a mindset of preparing for peace, instead of preparing for war.” To mark her 100th birthday, she launched a new philanthropic initiative, her “Projects for Peace” program, inviting college students, individually and in groups, to propose pragmatic grassroots initiatives “to bring new thinking to the prospects of peace in the world.” So far, students at more than 100 US colleges have traveled to more than 100 countries to establish more than 700 peace projects. The best have matured into ongoing enterprises. This program has left a large footprint and will remain among Kathryn’s enduring legacies. Not content, however, to rest on her laurels after turning 100, she embarked on a new “five-year plan,” as she called it, to extend her philanthropy.

Kathryn’s passion for life and adventure and her intellectual zest were legendary, even as the physical challenges of advancing age slowed her down, bit by bit. She continued to greet each day with curiosity and energy, to seize its opportunities, embrace its joys, never dwelling on sorrows and pains or the inevitable losses exacted by the passage of time. And she was always finding new friends—the blueprint for a lifetime that her mother had packed into three words of advice to Kathryn: “Keep making friends.”

It was my good fortune to be one of the new friends Kathryn made in her later years. I last saw her on April 10 and 11, 2013, at Corsair, her home in Hobe Sound, Fla., looking out over the Inland Waterway, whose many moods she had captured in oil paintings hanging everywhere. Her eyes and ears were failing by then, and she had lost interest in food, but, at age 106, she still had amazing command of her intellectual faculties, running circles around me, still, in her memories of names and events. She felt fortunate, she said to me then, as she often had, in the privileged life she had lived and the pleasures that were hers to savor. She was wondering, during that visit, whether she had done enough—yet—for others, done enough to further peace: Was her work complete? “There is much left to be done,” she had written a few weeks earlier to close her “Happy New Year 2013” letter. “Please keep in touch by any means, and do keep involved.”

Kathryn kept in touch by all means, and she kept involved. She found her greatest happiness in reaching out to others, reaching out in kindness, humility, compassion, always alive and present to each new encounter. She leaves us a shining example of a life of meaning and hope, a life well lived. Kathryn walked a path of peace, and in her walking, widened it. We will do well, in these anxious times, to follow her footsteps as best we can.

—Diana Chapman Walsh ’66

Diana Chapman Walsh is president emerita of Wellesley College.

Anthony Martin

1942–2013



Tony Martin, who died on Jan. 17, was an inspiration to his students and many of his colleagues. A founding member of the Department of Africana Studies at Wellesley, he believed in the integrity of the discipline and the principle of departmental autonomy. His meticulous work on Marcus Garvey, particularly *Race First*, changed the depiction of Garvey in Caribbean and American historiography. A staunch nationalist and pan-Africanist, he took pride in

his race and the principle of self-reliance that was embodied in Africana scholars such as Garvey, Malcolm X, Walter Rodney, and C.L.R. James. Tony was a prolific scholar and incisive thinker who brought to bear a wide variety of approaches to his scholarship and his teaching. In the process, he demonstrated that scholars can and do play an enormously important role in interpreting and reconstructing a people's history. And while he and I may have disagreed in our ways of interpreting certain events, Tony and I maintained a respect for each other—something of which few people are aware. His commitment to our discipline and his contributions to our department and to our College are invaluable. We are better off because he trod in the footsteps of the great and glorious scholars of Africana studies. He will be remembered always for his defense of an Africana way of seeing and his bravery in standing for the principles embodied therein. May he rest in peace.

—Selwyn Cudjoe, *Diffenbaugh and Carlson Professor of Comparative Literature, professor of Africana studies*

Tony Martin greatly influenced the academic work and enriched the personal lives of many in the Wellesley College community, particularly women of African descent. He was a consummate scholar. Though Professor Martin was, at times, controversial, we accepted him for who he was. He believed what he believed and was flat-footed—would not be swayed—unless people presented more provocative arguments to challenge or potentially dislodge his beliefs.

I will never forget enrolling in his classes in Africana studies although I was a biochemistry major and religion minor. I had to experience at least one class before ending my college career. The atmosphere was electric with the fresh ideas and budding thoughts of

students on subject matter we cared about—formative to our identities as disciplined, career-minded, and brilliant black women. The environment was simply rich and enriching.

I want to thank you, Professor Martin, for realizing the gifts, talents, and skills of young women and investing in the education of women, especially black women. Thank you for affirming our voices and stretching us academically and personally—formally and informally. Thank you for sharpening our minds and intellects.

Thank you for attending our Harambee House and Ethos events. Thank you for exuding a desire for us to be successful in whatever our career paths, even if not what you would have chosen. Thank you for the rigor, the education, the conversations—and even the surprises. Thank you for that Trinidadian gait that we could never miss, even from afar. You will be sorely missed!

—Nichole Phillips '93

Tony Martin was an extraordinary scholar, teacher, and brother. As an authority on Marcus Garvey, pan-Africanism, black nationalism, and the trans-Atlantic slave trade, he shared his brilliance and scholarly talents in his numerous publications, conference presentations, and public lectures. He was an internationally renowned historian. As a colleague in the Africana studies department, he was an inspiring and visionary leader and a principled human being. He cared deeply about the intellectual development of his students and was a beloved and popular professor on campus. His legacy will live on, as well as his courageous and generous spirit. My deepest sympathy to his adorable little son, Shabaka, and his family.

—Filomina Steady, *professor of Africana studies*

James Rayen

1935–2013



When James Rayen joined the art department as a resident artist in 1961, studio investigation was ancillary to the teaching of art history. A great deal of persuasion, and some argument, was needed before Wellesley developed an academic program in studio art with its own distinct major and tenure-track faculty. New colleagues, a revitalized curriculum, and enthusiastic enrollments followed, and, in time, physical changes. In the period from 1950

to 1975, studio courses moved from the pipe-cluttered basement of Farnsworth Art Museum to the upper and lower reaches of the Jewett Arts Center, and eventually to Pendleton West. By the time James retired in 2003, the studio program occupied much the same footprint as today and was supporting interdepartmental majors, such as architecture and, eventually, media arts and sciences.

James approached teaching as an essentially collegial enterprise for the professor as well as the student. Work was discussed rather than critiqued, the goal being to draw out a student's choices and decisions. Especially kind to those struggling with self-doubt, James was supportive and gentlemanly. The poise and ease were hard-won; James confessed he never slept a wink the night before classes began. And he happily assumed the role of student on various occasions, learning to set type in the Book Arts Lab, or studying ballet in the physical-education department. Encouraging but honest in studio critiques, James firmly believed that a strong visual foundation would empower his students regardless of their chosen career path. Many sought his counsel, and a steady number went on to professional lives in the arts. In recognition of his pedagogical gifts, James was appointed as the first holder of the Elizabeth Christy Kopf Chair in Studio Art.

For all the transitions and upheaval he so graciously mediated at Wellesley, James remained steadfast in his vision as a painter, and his art was widely admired and collected. James discovered his calling while attending Phillips Andover in Massachusetts. Eight years of college and graduate work at Yale developed his eye and mind and brought him into contact with outstanding faculty, most notably Rico Lebrun, Sewell Sillman, and Josef Albers, who became important mentors. James always credited Albers with teaching him *how* to see, not *what* to see. His nuanced appreciation of music and printmaking informed his painting, too, but his primary touchstone was always a direct, solitary experience of nature.

James was a superb colorist, a painter of exceptional luminosity and restraint. He was endlessly fascinated with subtle shifts of emphasis and rebalancing by way of a gestural mark, hue, or horizon line. The Charles River, his native Ohio, Provincetown, and the gardens of Versailles were frequent references, although his paintings were rarely intended to describe specific vantage points. Instead, James drew upon repeated observations and recollections of beloved places, then honed, questioned, and reinvented their rhythms, intervals, and tonalities in abstract visual terms. James sought a classical ideal in his work, a sense of harmony, simplicity, and order that might reveal what he called “the subtle tensions and undertones that imply the throbbing of life.” Not surprisingly, James was a deeply committed gardener, admired for cultivating beautiful spaces at once lush and utterly controlled. The cyclical nature of this “landscape reduced” remained an ongoing source of inspiration for him.

Throughout his life James surrounded himself with beauty and quiet examples of excellence, from the dinners he served, to a single exotic tulip in his garden, to the various shades of gray in his living room, to a James Merrill poem, pondered for several days. A tall, handsome man, graceful in manner and faultlessly dressed (no matter the occasion), James will be remembered as a model of urbanity, taste, and genuine concern for others. His self-composure, wit, and elegant charm remained undiminished, even in the face of serious illness. A deep, abiding love of music (particularly opera) and his ability to cultivate meaningful friendships became a steadfast source of comfort and support to James in his final days.

James Rayen died on Feb. 26. He was predeceased by his spouse, Bruce Donaldson, by four weeks. Together for 48 years, they married in 2007.

—Phyllis McGibbon, professor of art, and Peter Fergusson, Feldberg Professor of Art, emeritus

A memorial exhibition, “Between Seeing and Knowing: Collected Works by James Rayen, 1935–2013,” will be on view in the Jewett Arts Center in June.

Photograph, above left, courtesy of the Davis Museum:
Wendy Snyder MacNeil (b. 1943 Boston, Massachusetts)
The Art Department Tenured Faculty of Wellesley College: James Rayen
1980–81
Platinum/palladium print
Image: 17 1/4 in. x 18 1/4 in. (43.8 cm x 46.4 cm)
Sheet: 18 1/2 in. x 23 in. (47 cm x 58.4 cm)
Museum purchase with additional funds from Wendy Snyder MacNeil
in memory of the late Arthur Gold (1935–1988),
Professor of English, Wellesley College, 1962–88
1989.5.1

1928	Kathryn Wasserman Davis	Apr. 23, 2013
1930	Anna Herr Wilkinson	Feb. 20, 2013
1932	Alice Rigby Chace Elizabeth J. Smith	Feb. 22, 2013 Dec. 18, 2012
1933	Eleanor Herbert Viens Helen M. Wallace	Jan. 23, 2013 Feb. 2, 2013
1934	Margaret Beale Taylor Margaret Kasper Baker	Jan. 15, 2013 July 8, 2012
1935	Virginia Barnes Armstrong	Nov. 9, 2012
1936	Estelle Edelmann Jones Margaret Gunn Kane	June 16, 2012 Jan. 24, 2013
1937	Elizabeth Hitchcock Rose	Feb. 3, 2013
1938	Gretchen Heald Wales Jean Heath AtLee Lois Wolbach Chesterley	Nov. 11, 2012 Sept. 22, 2012 Jan. 5, 2013
1939	Sarah Campbell Hansen	Feb. 1, 2013
1940	Helen M. Blanchard Eleanor M. Garvey Myra-Ann Graf Goddard Sherley Heidenberg Koteen Elizabeth Leland Kibbe Ruth Nehring Cobb Helen Nicholson Palmer Virginia Vail McDonald Hood	Nov. 22, 2012 Feb. 11, 2013 Jan. 14, 2013 Feb. 19, 2013 Jan. 29, 2013 Sept. 29, 2012 Dec. 20, 2012 Dec. 20, 2012
1941	Charlotte Bolgiano Oliver Barbara Clark Johnson Louisa Garfield Browne Priscilla Lewis O'Keefe Priscilla Pattison Martha Stahr Carpenter	Jan. 11, 2013 Jan. 8, 2013 Nov. 18, 2012 Oct. 10, 2012 Feb. 10, 2013 Feb. 12, 2013

1942	Catherine Dallas Thomson Mary Ellison Hastings	Dec. 4, 2012 Jan. 4, 2013
1943	Elizabeth Elley MacDonald Rosemary Russell Jean Schilling Ricketts Jean White Vanderbilt	Jan. 29, 2013 Nov. 1, 2012 Nov. 1, 2012 Dec. 16, 2012
1944	Virginia Meyer Smith	Dec. 9, 2012
1945	Alba Bernardi Jameson Doris Cooper Powers Janet Crooks Davis	Dec. 29, 2012 Oct. 29, 2012 Oct. 28, 2012
1947	F. Joan Bryan Lewis Jean Carpenter Mooring Lorraine Cohen Silberthau Ruth Dougherty Stoddard Mary Robinson Smedley	June 18, 2012 Feb. 4, 2013 Dec. 25, 2012 Feb. 7, 2013 Nov. 1, 2011
1948	Dolores Fulton McLean Doris Sponenberg Bartle Ruth Strauss Sullivan	Nov. 25, 2012 May 9, 2012 Sept. 17, 2012
1949	Louise Dole Woofenden Nancy Kotsrean Daane Marie Meigs Shaffer	Jan. 18, 2013 Oct. 17, 2012 Jan. 3, 2013
1950	Ardis Voegelin Carleton	Sept. 12, 2012
1951	Mary Downes Sherwin Day Ely Ravenscroft Evelyn Jones Morrison	Jan. 14, 2013 Dec. 11, 2012 Nov. 2, 2012
1952	F. Ann Fournier Moir	Jan. 18, 2013
1953	Rebecca Dennard	July 28, 2011
1954	Holly Hahn Noble Barbara Weiss Deutsch	Feb. 5, 2013 Aug. 7, 2012

1955	Helen L. Macleod	Jan. 13, 2013
1956	Natalie Crawford Amoroso	Aug. 30, 2012
1957	Diana Brown Mary Darey Dennis Leah Louis Graham Barbara Stockman Hodel	December 2011 Dec. 2, 2012 Oct. 12, 2012 Oct. 11, 2012
1959	Sandra Brown Eakins	Jan. 2, 2013
1960	Caroline Breese Hall Suzanne Weber Frech	Dec. 10, 2012 June 11, 2012
1961	Anne Boehringer Eidlin Happy Craven Fernandez	Dec. 21, 2012 Jan. 19, 2013
1963	Dorothy Appleton Gluth Wendy Lamb Caulkins	March 10, 2012 Dec. 30, 2012
1966	Ruth Rosenblum	Nov. 12, 2012
1967	Lise Kenworthy	Jan. 11, 2013
1968	Gale Spector Pasternack	Jan. 24, 2013
1971	Barbara Danahy Callahan	July 16, 2012
1973	Marilyn J. Koch	Jan. 4, 2008
1996	Adina Kletter	Feb. 24, 2013
MA/GS	Mary French Frank Martha Immel Creighton	Oct. 4, 2012 Sept. 30, 2012
MS	Jeanette Cutts Rebecca I. Dennard Marjorie Kay Lee	Oct. 10, 2012 July 28, 2011 June 8, 2012

Margaret Beale Taylor '34 died on Jan. 15.

She became a librarian and, after receiving her degree in library science from Drexel, she worked at MIT, Dumbarton Oaks, and the Detroit Public Library. There she met John Taylor, a widower whose first wife had also gone to Wellesley. Margaret said this made him even more interesting.

One of those rare people completely without ego, Margaret befriended everyone she met. She was a witty and vivid conversationalist who ministered to all and remained a beauty inside and out. Knowing her has been a great joy. I went to Wellesley because of her, and there I met my husband.

Carolyn Lefevre Alexander '50

Virginia Vail McDonald Hood '40 died on Dec. 20, 2012.

Born in India to a medical missionary, my mother and her sister followed their mother, Elizabeth Crane Vail 1906, to Wellesley. One of the first women to receive an M.D. from the University of Chicago, Virginia married Donald McDonald, a classmate, and practiced pediatrics for 34 years.

She retired to California but moved back to New England, where she enjoyed tending her four-acre garden. She remained vigorous until the end. She is also survived by her sister, Esther Vail Falk '43, and three children.

Nancy McDonald '72

Nancy "Kelvie" McKelvie Miller '42 died on Feb. 27, 2012, in Hudson, Ohio.

My mother's time at Wellesley was bracketed by the hurricane of 1938 and the start of WWII. She appreciated the opportunity to attend Wellesley. She relished being among capable, confident, intellectually curious women. My mother and father enjoyed many reunions, often bringing their children along. They loved connecting with friends, making new ones, and exploring the campus. My mother always stopped by Paramecium Pond to check out her botany "study plot" site. After attending her 65th reunion in 2007, my mother hoped to attend her 70th in 2012. She almost got her wish.

Lillian Miller Ryan '69

Elizabeth Elley MacDonald '43 died in Sedona, Ariz., on Jan. 29.

From school days in Wilmington, Del., Elizabeth loved the outdoors: canoeing on the Brandywine, summer vacations on small, wooded Heron Island in coastal Maine, and from 1985 the mountains and deserts of northern Arizona. Professionally, she followed Wellesley's motto. A degree in counseling psychology led to family therapy and family counseling from 1968 to 1983. In Arizona, she was cofounder and director of the Southwest Expeditions Institution, working with young people, especially Native Americans. My sister leaves five children and stepchildren and husband Robert MacDonald.

Carolyn Elley Long '40

Helen "Webbie" Webster Peterkin '43 died on Oct. 9, 2012.

My mother lived the 1940s Wellesley model: a good wife and mother, as well as her own person. As president of Tau Zeta Epsilon, she was Madame Chiang Kai-Shek's aid during her 1943 visit. With 19 friends, Webbie's move to Tower Court boosted

its popularity. During a WWII midwinter school closing, she briefly became “Rosie the Riveter” with a temporary job at a Philadelphia factory. An unstoppable global traveler, her *Time* magazine letter to the editor recounted surviving an armed ambush in Thailand. In her 60s, she created an artistic legacy with her stone sculptures, exhibiting at reunion and juried shows.

Eleanor Peterkin

Lorraine Cohen Silberthau '47 died on Christmas Day, 2012. From the time we met in 1943 until her passing, we were the closest of friends and spoke daily.

Brilliant and beautiful, Lorraine had warmth, judgment, and outstanding political and people skills. She was very happily married and with her husband, Heinz, produced two daughters of similar abilities.

For many years, we were both intensely involved in Rhode Island politics, and were known as “the girls.” We wrote speeches and helped devise strategy for senators, governors, mayors, and other political insiders. She continued her political activities until 2009.

Isabelle Russek Leeds '47

Ruth Dougherty Stoddard '47 died on Feb. 7.

Rudie was my dear friend since 1943 at Little House. I was a bridesmaid at her wedding, and our friendship remained close through the years: in New Hampshire, at her winter home in Pinehurst, N.C., and on tour in Russia with the Boston Wellesley Club in 1996. We loved reunions with our Little House friends, and always took a picture to celebrate that friendship. Freshman year in the Vil was a powerful bond for all of us.

Rudie loved her family, her friends, her college. All you heavenly bridge players, look lively: Here comes an ever-ready fourth!

Lucia Humes Bequaert '47

Anne Bowman Poore '51 died on March 10, 2012.

My loving, loyal, fellow botany major, Annie Bo first charmed me with the quiet strength of her convictions, matched with her quirky, contagious sense of humor. After graduation, she became Eugene's happily supportive wife, a proud mother of two daughters, and a dependable contributor to many community organizations. Her years at Wellesley were the backbone of her life. There she gained the knowledge that allowed her to navigate “the downs and ups” of daily living. Those of us who knew her will remember and appreciate how she made her world, and ours, a better place. Annie Bo truly “made a difference.”

Jane Richards Mosher '51

Nancy Jardine Meister '51 died on Nov. 16, 2012.

Nancy joined our class junior year, and her room soon became the gathering place for our tightly knit group. She was the thread that held us together with her warmth, bright smile, and infectious laughter.

She married Charlie Meister and eventually moved from Syracuse, N.Y., to Hendersonville, N.C. She is survived by her three daughters and a grandson.

Nancy was an enthusiastic alumna and attended every reunion we had, encouraging her classmates to participate. What a great time we all had together; we all cherish the memories. She remained a good friend all these many years. She will be missed.

Barbara Chernin Feldman '51, and many others from Stone Hall class of '51

Leah Louis Graham '57 died on Oct. 12, 2012.

It is hard to imagine such a life force stilled. When I think of Leah, my fast friend and roommate, words full of color like passionate, vibrant, and fiery come to mind. She lived life to the fullest, and it was never dull! We bonded over our deep love of family and concern for social justice. After graduation, Leah pursued a life that allowed for change and guidance as teacher and consultant to the Lansing School District.

Leah didn't alter her convictions or passionate approach to life. Her great pleasure was in the richness of her relationships, and she gave without reservation.

Betsy Bradbury Barreda '57

Sara Bruce Snyder '58 died on Nov. 6, 2012.

Sally set an example for our room group in freshman year. Her wisdom, capacity for friendship, and direct manner invited the confidence of others to seek advice and support from her. Profoundly curious, Sally was not afraid to ask penetrating questions, always in a comfortable atmosphere, which she deftly arranged in a dorm room years ago, or more recently in her home. The conversations, exercises in thinking together, ended too soon each time, but the thinking continued ... and still does.

Diana Matthews Worley '58

Sandra Brown Eakins '59 died on Jan. 2.

My mother was a lifelong devotee of Wellesley, the place that captured her heart and changed her life. During her 37 years in Palo Alto, Calif., she raised three children and was a business owner. She exemplified service to others in her many capacities, including public art and long-range planning commissions; City Council and mayor; cofounder of SmartVoter and New Voices for Youth; lifelong involvement with the College and her local alumnae club; supporter of artists and art. My mother cherished her Wellesley friends, and they provided much solace and devotion throughout her illness. We miss her very much.

Rebecca Eakins Austin '90

Suzanne Weber Frech '60 died on June 11, 2012.

Suzy was the kindest, smartest, and most spiritual of women. In college, she was a quiet force, devouring learning. Her early married days were filled with babies and moving around the country with her adored Bob. Widowed at a young age, she taught for a while and then became a C.P.A., working until her death. Her kids and grandkids were her heart. Suzy volunteered for local institutions, but her main avocation was still learning. She

loved current events, history, economics, travel, and Calvin Trillin. She was my friend. She is profoundly missed.

Marthur Hurley Kalil '60

Happy Craven Fernandez '61 died on Jan. 19.

Hundreds attending Happy's memorial services reflected her huge imprint in the Philadelphia area as community activist, city-council representative, mayoral candidate, and college president. Her three sons and husband captured the personality of a devoted family member and determined and focused competitor (especially in tennis), whose quiet, self-effacing demeanor led some to underestimate her capacity to achieve her goals.

She cared about improving others' lives, particularly women and children, and, after 13 years leading Moore College of Art and Design, was planning an initiative to advance women in the nonprofit world.

Vicki Weisberg Kramer '61

Lise Kenworthy '67 died on Jan. 11.

Lise loved Wellesley and modeled its motto throughout her life. As a maritime attorney, she advocated pro bono for the Seattle working waterfront, mentored, advised, and served on and chaired innumerable boards. She initiated a weekly supper for the homeless at her church. And she was an extraordinary friend: incredibly kind and thoughtful, and sincerely happy over your good news. Lise loved to read, travel, entertain, and cook, especially on their classic wooden yacht. She leaves her husband, Tom, brother Jamie and his wife, Pat, grandson Ben, five beloved godchildren, and her friends.

Becky McCandlish Burckmyer '67

Martha Immel Creighton M.A. '50 died on Sept. 30, 2012.

Having received her B.A. from Flora Stone Mather College of Case Western Reserve University, she went to Wellesley in 1947 to take graduate work under Professor Harriet Creighton '29, my cousin. By chance, I happened to meet Martha at a dance in Pomeroy, and we were married in 1949. Her family became her highest priority; botany and music were close seconds. She played harp with orchestras wherever she lived. She is survived by her sons Russel (Katherine Cheney '71) Creighton, David (Mary Jane Moore) Creighton, Andrew (Susan) Creighton; her sister, Jessie Immel Cannon '50; and four grandchildren.

Roger Creighton

HOW TO SUBMIT A MEMORIAL

Wellesley welcomes memorials for alumnae written by friends or family members. Please contact the appropriate class secretary and/or the magazine staff (magazine2@alum.wellesley.edu or 781-283-2344) before writing or submitting a memorial.

Memorials in *Wellesley* magazine are limited to 100 words. The magazine does not accept eulogies or previously published obituaries for adaptation. All submissions may be edited.

CHILDREN IN THE VANGUARD

Continued from page 16

skillfully makes the story more immediate by telling it through the eyes of four participants: Audrey Hendricks (aged 9 when she decided to go to jail), and high-schoolers Washington Booker III, James Stewart, and Arnetta Streeter. At the end of the book, she tells us of their adult lives as well.

The chronological narrative of the children's march is supplemented with sidebar material, such as excerpts from the Birmingham Segregation Ordinances, the Ten Commandments of Nonviolence, and the specifics of the agreement that ended the marches after six days.

The book has been named to several "Best Book of the Year" lists, including those of the *New York Times*, the New York Public Library, and the Chicago Public Library. It is a remarkable work that tells a remarkable story.

—Jacqueline Briggs Martin '66

Martin is the author of 18 books for children, including Snowflake Bentley, Caldecott Award winner in 1999. In 2006, she was the recipient of Wellesley's Mary Elvira Stevens Traveling Fellowship for travel to Tibet to research her book The Chiru of High Tibet.



Students hold signs in the Birmingham, Ala., protest in 1963.

MIDCENTURY MODERN FAMILY

Continued from page 16

We feel the pressure on Walter's wife, Phyllis, to tone down her lefty opinions at dinner parties and her relief when she is finally able to go back to work, after spending a long time as a housewife. (Walter himself is not quite comfortable with his wife's modern and progressive attitudes—he makes that clear to her and to us.) And we listen in as Walter touches on how his family is treated differently for being Jewish.

Interestingly, Walter doesn't seem that worried about his homosexuality, even though he knows that it is illegal and, in his world, considered immoral. He understands he will be eventually found out, and part of him longs for that, so that he can run away with Barry, his one true love. More internal conflict would have likely led to a more complex novel, and more social opprobrium to a novel that was perhaps more truthful to its era. Yet it is refreshing to read a book about closeted gay life in midcentury America that doesn't devolve into *The Children's Hour*-type destruction of reputations and lives.

Bernays' book is a swift, almost joyful read, rich in detail about publishing, the city, and the morally circumscribed society of the Upper East Side. And Walter is charming—enough so that, even when he is lying to his wife and children, we still root for him to find happiness.

—Jennifer Vanasco '94

Vanasco is a freelance writer in New York City.

FRESH INK

Continued from page 17

❖ Lyn Snyder (**MARILYN GOETZE SNYDER '56**)
—*Dear Choir Ms ... a Church Comedy*, Albin Publishing

❖ Lyn Snyder (**MARILYN GOETZE SNYDER '56**)
—*Murder in the Choirloft, an Elderberry Himmel Mystery*, CreateSpace.com

❖ Susan Terris (**SUSAN DUBINSKY TERRIS '59**)
—*Ghost of Yesterday: New & Selected Poems*, Marsh Hawk Press

❖ Meredith Towbin (**MEREDITH ZELLER TOWBIN '98**)—*Straightjacket*, Etopia Press

❖ JEAN VAN'T HUL '99
—*The Artful Parent: Simple Ways to Fill Your Family's Life with Art & Creativity*, Shambhala Publications

❖ JANE E. VENNARD '62
—*Fully Awake and Truly Alive: Spiritual Practices to Nurture Your Soul*, SkyLight Paths Publishing

❖ KATHLEEN BROOME WILLIAMS '66—
The Measure of a Man: My Father, the Marine Corps, and Saipan, Naval Institute Press

❖ Robin Winter (**ROBIN GOWEN TIFFNEY '79**)
—*Night Must Wait*, Imajin Books

❖ SARAH YOUNG '80
—*Jesus Calling Bible Storybook*, Thomas Nelson

❖ SUSAN SESSIONS ZUCCOTTI '62—
Père Marie-Benoît and the Jewish Rescue, Indiana University Press

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Continued from page 3

A VETERAN WEIGHS IN

My name is Bill DeVaughn, and I am chairman of the Board of Rolling Thunder SC3, located in Myrtle Beach, S.C. Rolling Thunder is a national organization that has a mission to educate the public about our nation's missing in action and prisoners of war, and to keep the public aware that we still have thousands of our servicemen unaccounted for. I met Colleen Shine '86 at a ceremony on the old Myrtle Beach Airbase, when her family was honored for their sacrifice to our nation. I'm fortunate to be able to call Colleen and her brother friends. We have a street named after Captain Shine on the airbase and a memorial dedicated in his name to all POWs and MIAs. Colleen's story of her recovery of her father's remains is truly amazing. I recently received an email directing me to your website, where I was able to read the terrific story written by Jennifer McFarland Flint telling us about Capt. Anthony Shine's service and Colleen's search for answers ("What Remains," winter '13). I want to thank you for publishing this article.

BILL DEVAUGHN
Little River, S.C.

THE NEW LOOK

I was a little taken aback by the latest *Wellesley* magazine (fall '12), thinking it looked more "professionally done" than the previous ones done "in house," I thought. I wasn't sure I liked that. However, having read every page I have to compliment you on a superb job!

Wellesley was one of the great privileges of my life, and I enjoy keeping up with the changes that occur—and I agree with *all* of them (except giving up required Biblical History and the General).

MYRTLE ATKINSON EVERETT '47
St. Clair Shores, Mich.

GATHERING ALUMNAE OVERSEAS

I enjoyed your article about Jane Freedman Helmchen's regional get-togethers ("Wellesley in Deutschland," winter '13). I happen to know Jane and was aware of her Wellesley reunions, but I thought you made great points about the nitty-gritty aspect of making each event a success.

By the way, I like the new layout and entire remake of *Wellesley*.

NANCY SHAPIRO '48
New York

ATHLETICS HALL OF FAME

I wish to commend the group of Wellesley alumnae "over age 50" who were part of the issue on women and sports ("Going the Distance," summer '12). Your proud reflections as athletes are critical to Wellesley's history and future. The value and impact on the life of each participant is clearly significant and ongoing.

Sports at Wellesley have evolved since the landmark passage of Title IX in 1972. Wellesley's support and promotion of varsity intercollegiate athletics has never been more important. Today's best and brightest students rightly identify as "scholar-athletes," something that was unheard of 40 years ago. As the premier women's college, we must take advantage of the role that varsity athletics plays in the development of skills and habits that compliment our academic rigor. Varsity competition at Wellesley prepares healthy, physically fit, competitive, passionate, team-minded students who "make a difference in the world."

To elevate the institutional role of Wellesley athletics and athletes as an essential and fundamental element of Wellesley life, we are proud to announce the establishment of the Wellesley College Athletics Hall of Fame. The mission is to recognize and celebrate exceptional members of the wider Wellesley community for their achievements in and contributions to athletics. A formal announcement will occur later this year, with the inaugural induction at fall homecoming in 2014. I trust that you will consider nominating an outstanding Wellesley alumna athlete for this special recognition!

BRIDGET BELGIOVINE, *Director of Athletics*
Wellesley, Mass.



BRIAN CRONIN

Who's Behind the Bow?



Contrary to popular belief, the photo of the archer that we ran in the winter '13 issue is not Hillary Rodham Clinton '69 (shown left at her commencement). The archer with the "perfect" form is actually Marie Loupret Karanfilian '54.

ABOUT THAT MYSTERIOUS ARCHER

I'm pretty sure that the garments the student is wearing are from the late 1930s or early 1940s ("Class Notes" opening photo, winter '13). The cap-sleeve blouse and dirndl skirt were very popular with teens during that period. I learned to sew by making a dirndl skirt for myself my senior year in high school.

JEAN "KEPPY" WINSLOW SPERO '45
Columbus, Ohio

ARCHERY CHAMP WEIGHS IN

I can't tell you who the archer is but, as a former Camp Archery Association champion, I can tell you that her form is perfect. The right hand anchored under the jaw, the bow string pulled to the nose and chin, the fingers relaxed, the eyes on the target and, here I am only guessing, the breath held until the arrow is released.

JANE CASEY HUGHES '60
Chevy Chase, Md.

A FUTURE SECRETARY OF STATE?

I believe the archer is Hillary Rodham Clinton '69. Please let me know.

ISABEL "DIDI" KUGEL CUTLER '63
Washington, D.C.

Editor's note: *Quite a number of you thought the crisply ironed archer pictured at the beginning of the Class Notes was Secretary Clinton. Until recently, neither we nor the College Archives actually knew who the archer was. We only knew the picture was taken somewhere between 1920 and 1960.*

ARCHER UNVEILED

How exciting to spy a full-page photo of me posing, bow drawn, in the current issue. It was probably taken in my first year in 1950. A poster was made from it and displayed to show "perfect" form to other archery students. I was instructed to wear a skirt and white blouse that had to be ironed as instructed. I had a work scholarship in the Physical Education Department (mostly repairing field hockey equipment), so they knew me well. I asked the instructor: "Well, if I have perfect form, why don't I ever hit the bull's-eye?" I was told "persevere" — another Wellesley lesson learned.


MARIE LOUPRET KARANFILIAN '54
Englewood, N.J.

Pull together.



These rowers from ca. 1880 would recognize Lake Waban—but perhaps not today's rowers. Varsity crew now practices in spandex unisuits and carbon-fiber racing shells.

Arrive first.



Bulky gowns? No problem. Glass ceiling? We'll work it. Educational frontier? We own it. Wellesley was first to have a collegiate women's crew team, first to produce a female secretary of state (sealing *that* deal with two), and the first liberal arts college to join the revolutionary online platform edX. Wellesley Women sure love the vanguard. And with your gift to The Wellesley Fund, you continue to prove that when we pull together, we often arrive first.

www.wellesley.edu/give



Endnote

By Danya Underwood Rivlin '99

The End of BFFs?

My beloved husband told me last night that he doesn't know anyone our age who actually *has* the sort of best friend that I constantly describe longing for. In his estimation, this type of intimacy might just be incompatible with the phase of life we're in. It's "nothing personal," he said. There's just not enough time, not enough space; it's too hard to schedule, doesn't line up with kids, partnership, professional ambitions, and the rest. So is the era of the *best friend* over? This is not a rhetorical question. I am sincerely bereft.

In my fairly short life of 34 years so far, I have already been ridiculously blessed with more than a dozen best friends. Over the years, these passionate, platonic love affairs have been shining sources of inspiration, sanity, and belonging.

These are the handful of girls, now women, for whom I would have laid down my life. These ones kept safe (at least for a time) my daily secrets, my excruciating hopes, and my tender fears. They could interpret precisely the exact timbre of my laughter ... as I could theirs. As early as age 4, my first best friend and I held tiny hands as we tromped through chest-high grasses chasing the end of a rainbow and whispering our dearest wishes.

Later, over decades, there were games played, notes passed, dances attended, dorm rooms decorated, first jobs endured, glasses of champagne lifted. Even after I was firmly on my way to being a respectable "grown-up," I still had a friend who rocked me like a baby, night after night, through the worst of a terrible breakup.

I have been without any best friends for several years, truly living *without* them. Some have moved away, and I have waved with clenched teeth as they drove off in U-Hauls. Others have lifted up gently on airplanes, crossing state lines and international borders, racing to meet their destinies. Sometimes I've been the one to leave, my own shaking hands gripping the wheel as my loves grew small in the rearview mirror. Two of my best friends have left their bodies already, tragically, suddenly, and much too young.



ISTOCKPHOTO

Most of these delightful women are just busy, as I am. Life is so full with new babies, careers, Ph.D.s, travels, and countless other important things. They are far flung and exhausted by this modern world. I hear it in their harried voices on the phone when we talk for a stolen two minutes until they have to go attend to an urgent business matter or a poopy diaper blowout.

Sometimes, I see one of their still-radiant faces come across my computer screen in the briefest of Facebook updates and feel momentarily confused. The lines of time and space blur, and I am 16 again. It is hot smoky summer, the windows of that old Datsun are rolled down, and we are driving fast and singing at the top of our lungs. I am back there with her in an instant and even though we haven't been in touch, aside from online status updates, in nearly 10 years, my ribs ache with our laughter.

Then my daughter's cry jolts me swiftly back. I close the computer with a firm click, take a breath, and walk away to tend to my small sweet girl.

Let me say this: I have married my true love, and my gratitude for this can never be expressed in mere words. I also have a child who is bursting with vitality, a sweet home, and a small garden full of vegetables and frivolous fragrant flowers. But still: The relationships I have now are as different from the best friend I long for as apples are from spaghetti squash.

I still believe that a new era of outrageous best friendship will sweep me off my feet and that our upcoming adventures will go wildly beyond small talk at Gymboree.

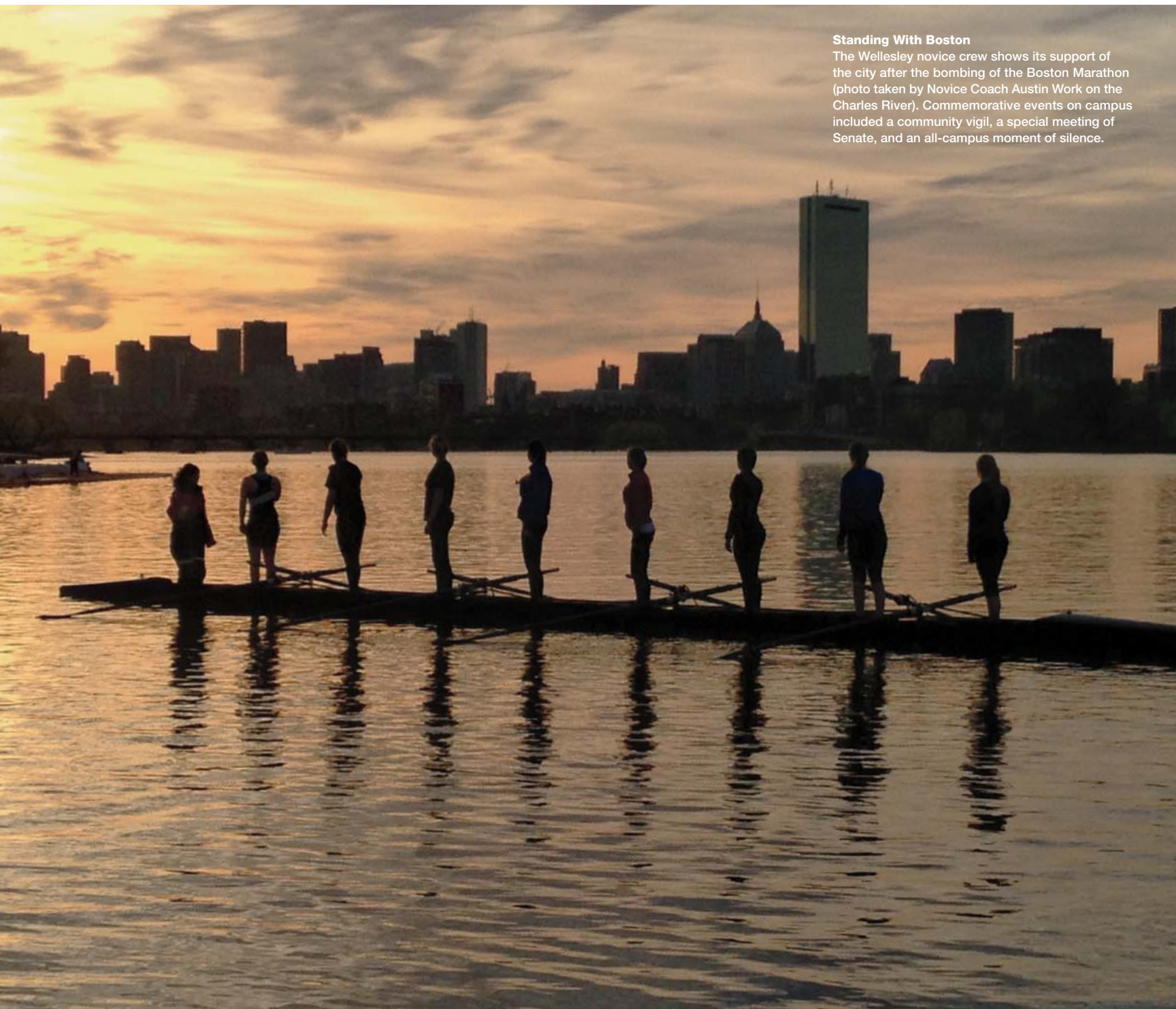
If I am fortunate, I have many years of living left, and I just know I can't go on much longer without *you*. I'll say it again: I cannot do this thing without you. Sometimes I'm going to have to call you at midnight. Sometimes we'll have to leave the kids at home and drive all night with no destination. I'm going to come over every morning, so expect me. I promise to pick up your favorite muffin, if you'll have coffee with extra cream waiting. My God, we have so much to talk about!

Danya Underwood Rivlin '99 and her husband, Eyal Rivlin, based in Boulder, Colo., are dedicated to revitalizing sacred chanting as a form of meditation and ecstatic prayer.





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NEW.WELLESLEY.EDU/ALUMNAE



Standing With Boston

The Wellesley novice crew shows its support of the city after the bombing of the Boston Marathon (photo taken by Novice Coach Austin Work on the Charles River). Commemorative events on campus included a community vigil, a special meeting of Senate, and an all-campus moment of silence.